A THRILLING SERIAL, BY T. C. HARBAUGH, WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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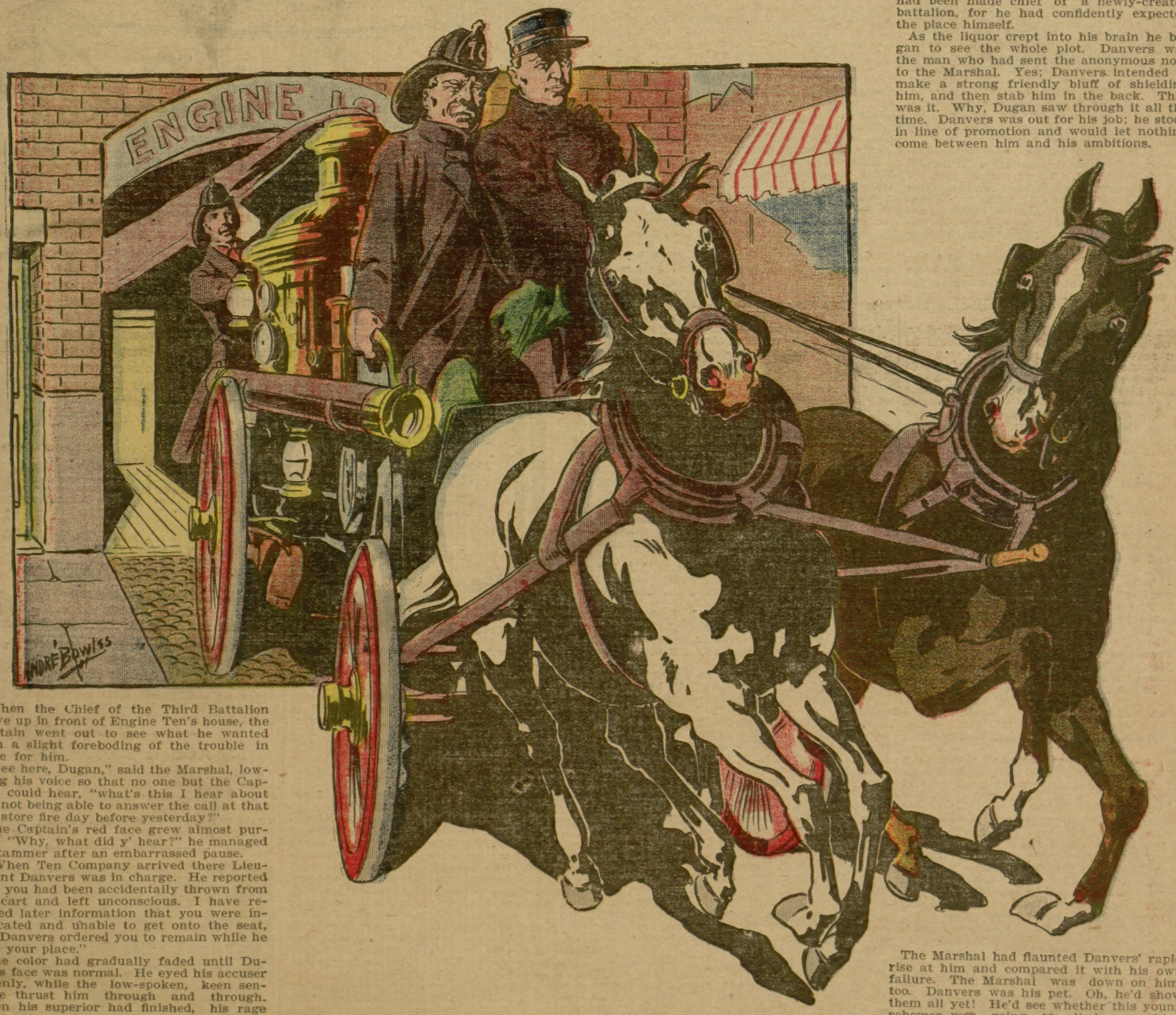
THE LIEUTENANT OF ENGINE TEN;

OR, WON FROM THE FLAMES. BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.



When the Chief of the Third Battalion drove up in front of Engine Ten's house, the Captain went out to see what he wanted with a slight foreboding of the trouble in store for him.

"See here, Dugan," said the Marshal, lowering his voice so that no one but the Captain could hear, "what's this I hear about you not being able to answer the call at that rug store fire day before yesterday?"

The Captain's red face grew almost purple. "Why, what did y' hear?" he managed to stammer after an embarrassed pause.

"When Ten Company arrived there Lieutenant Danvers was in charge. He reported that you had been accidentally thrown from the cart and left unconscious. I have received later information that you were intoxicated and unable to get onto the seat, and Danvers ordered you to remain while he took your place."

The color had gradually faded until Dugan's face was normal. He eyed his accuser sullenly, while the low-spoken, keen sentence thrust him through and through. When his superior had finished, his rage burst out.

"It's a lie! a damned lie!" he cried, shaking with ill-suppressed wrath. "I was not drunk; I was hurt. Danvers over-stepped his authority when he ordered me in. Who is my accuser, anyhow? Let me face him down."

"The statement was sent me in a letter. There was no name signed."

"And you'd believe a blackguard who did not dare sign his name, against me? I thought you was my friend."

"I am, Tim. It's as a friend I come to warn you. I could order an examination, and if it turned out that the charge was true, where would you be? And something makes me suspect that it's true, in spite of your denials. I know you, Dugan, and I know of other affairs. We started in together, and if you'd left the booze alone you'd have a battalion as easy as me. Look at young Danvers, how he's climbed. The youngest 'loot' in the department, and he'll be a marshal before many years if he keeps up his good record."

"Very likely he's out for my place. I suspect that he's the man that reported me."

"You're ungrateful, Tim. Danvers is a square young fellow, and he's endangered his job as much as I have to shield you. If this gets to headquarters I don't know what'll happen. I'll hush this up, but it can't continue. Understand? Well, so-long."

The reins tightened, the big roan stepped off rapidly and the Marshal's red-wheeled buggy disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Captain Dugan stood looking blankly after his chief, one hand resting on his gray head as if to shield it from a blow. Finally, he turned and walked slowly, thoughtfully, back into the engine house and mounted the stairs to the bunk room.

"The Cap looks as if he'd had a call-down," remarked Pipeman Snell to the engineer.

"Guess he had it comin' to him, although Danvers told us to tell the accident yarn," was the answer.

There was no one in the bunk room when the Captain entered, and stepping to his locker, he opened it and took out a bottle, from which he proceeded to take a drink. Then seating himself on his bed he fell into an unpleasant revery, in which figured prominently the events at which the Marshal had hinted. Unfortunately for Dugan, the charges were all true. He had met an old friend on the day referred to, and they had celebrated at the corner saloon in conventional style. The alarm was just coming in when he returned and in his befogged condition he barely escaped being run down by the horses as they ran to their places under the harness. He might have been unnoticed in the excitement had he not fallen weakly while attempting to climb to his seat on the hose-cart. Staggering to his feet he made another drunken, blundering attempt to take his place, fumbled for the handle and failed to find the hub of the wheel with his foot. Then Danvers jumped from his seat on the engine, gathered up the Captain in his strong arms, staggered up to the bunk room, deposited his superior on a bed, and taking Dugan's place on the cart, ordered lost time to be made up.

As he reviewed these happenings, the Captain felt his aversion for the young Lieutenant growing. He had never liked him any too well, for failure envies success. He had exonerated himself to his own satisfaction. He wasn't intoxicated. Maybe he had been taking a little too much, but who wouldn't after sustaining the disappointments he had. Dugan had been drinking hard ever since a younger man than he had been made chief of a newly-created battalion, for he had confidently expected the place himself.

As the liquor crept into his brain he began to see the whole plot. Danvers was the man who had sent the anonymous note to the Marshal. Yes; Danvers intended to make a strong friendly bluff of shielding him, and then stab him in the back. That was it. Why, Dugan saw through it all the time. Danvers was out for his job; he stood in line of promotion and would let nothing come between him and his ambitions.

The Marshal had flaunted Danvers' rapid rise at him and compared it with his own failure. The Marshal was down on him, too. Danvers was his pet. Oh, he'd show them all yet! He'd see whether this young schemer was going to climb over him. There were ways to fix him.

Dugan stopped with a start. So deep was he in his moody thoughts that he failed to hear a light step on the stairs as Danvers, attired in his best clothes, came up.

"Why, Captain, what's wrong?" he asked, seeing the strained, tense look on the other's face.

"You ought to know," returned Dugan, meaningly.

"Know? Know what?"

"Don't think you can fool me, Danvers. I saw through the whole business at once. You've been after my job ever since you came here and you don't stop at anything to get it. But I'll beat you yet!"

The words poured forth in a passionate torrent, starting in a low tone and gradually rising and growing in force until it reached the full-throated roar of defiance.

Danvers looked astonished, hardly believing he head aright.

"Captain, I demand an explanation of your talk," he cried, as his superior paused in his outburst.

"You demand, hey, Lieutenant Danvers! That's like your ordering me around the other day. If you want to know, go ask the Marshal. He got your cowardly, blackguarding letter that you weren't man

enough to sign. I'd a-thought more of you if you'd signed it, anyhow."

"I don't know anything about any letter. Do I understand that some one reported—your condition?"

"A guilty conscience! You don't need no tellin'. And I was all right that day, except I hurt myself a little. You had no right knocking me."

"You were in no condition to go out then. You had been taking too much. And this is what I get for shielding you!"

"Shielding me, is it? That bluff don't go. You play the friend, and then jab me in the back. I don't care for that kind of protection. You're the man who would profit most when I get fired. Who else is as interested in having me out as you are? As to my drinking, mind your business. I know when to stop."

"It's quite evident that you've been taking enough today. I refuse to discuss the matter further until you can talk reasonably," said Danvers, turning on his heel and walking away.

"I may be unreasonable, but mind you, I ain't bluffing. I've got a little influence yet and I'll be damned if I don't make you suffer for your dirty trick!"

The young lieutenant answered nothing, but stalked to his locker and commenced changing his dress uniform for his working clothes. His brain was in a ferment over the unjust charges against him. Here he had tried to hide the Captain's weakness, and the man he had helped now turned on him—with revilings and accusations of double dealing.

Who could have written the letter? Dugan's words rang in his ears: "You are the man who would profit most when I get fired." That was true to a great extent. Then what would be more rational than for the Captain to suspect him? His anger was somewhat tempered, for he knew the old man had received so many set-backs that he was naturally suspicious of every one. The thought of being ignominiously disgraced after growing gray with unrewarded years in the service would cause him to say things he might regret later.

The thought led to his considering Dugan's threat to make him suffer. He could do it undoubtedly. There were lots of ways. He mentioned influence. The Captain had some influential friends. Would he use them to have his Lieutenant removed? The possibility made Danvers uneasy, not for himself alone. There was Another.

She had promised to join her life with his, but how could that be if he was thrown out of the Department? The anger which his pity for Dugan had stilled began to throb anew. He must be on his guard against any underhand work.

That very night the Captain committed an act which revealed how small he could be when moved by blind rage.

Danvers was lying in his bed revolving in his mind the events of the day. From around him in the darkened bunk room came the regular respirations and snores of the men wrapped in slumber. But there was no sleep for Danvers. He heard a light step approaching and a form loomed up near by. He recognized the form of Dugan. The Captain stood regarding him carefully. At his approach Danvers had drooped his eyelids, and with regular breathing simulated sleep, but from beneath his lashes he continued to watch his superior.

Dugan approached him cautiously, and at last deciding that he was slumbering, he stooped and picked up the Lieutenant's clothes. At night the men placed beside their beds their boots, tucked into their trouser legs, so that all might be drawn on in one movement. The Captain placed one boot by the foot of the bed, the other at the head, and threw the trousers beneath it. Then he slipped away.

Danvers watched with interest. He knew that if he had not discovered the plot that in case of a night alarm he would be delayed in answering the call and get a reprimand. It was such a petty thing to do, and showed so little sense, that he decided to make no complaint, but, rising quietly, rearranged his clothes and went to sleep.

The next day the Captain wrote to a friend of his, a politician with considerable pull. That gentleman visited headquarters and attempted to use his influence against Danvers; but the veteran chief informed him that the Lieutenant was a first-class fireman and that he would do nothing.

When Dugan heard the result of this interview he became so morbid that life in the engine-house was burdensome to every one. On Danvers he vented his spleen at every opportunity, going out of his way to find fault or rebuke. Over and over again he repeated his charge of double-dealing.

'I can't stand it any longer," exclaimed the Lieutenant one night, as he stopped for a moment on his way to the engine-house from supper and leaned over a certain gate to speak to the girl who was his promised bride.

"If the old scoundrel throws that at me again I'll choke the lie down his throat. It's less than a week since he commenced, and it seems like a year. I won't stand it."

"Don't harm him, George, for it will only react on you," pleaded the girl. "He's a poor, disappointed old man; don't harm him."

"He's not so awful old, and I guess he can take care of himself in a scrap, but——"

"For my sake, George."

"Oh, well, all right, dear. I'll promise not to except in self-defense."

He was thinking of his promise before he went to sleep that night. It seemed as if he scarcely closed his eyes when he was wakened by the jarring clangor of the gong. He was out of his bed and into his clothes in a moment. A leap took him to the sliding pole and he went down the brass like a shot, the first man to reach the floor from the bunk room. Dugan, who was on watch, was making a rapid slate entry while the men were hastily dropping down and making the hitch.

He took his place, shouting the location of the alarm, and the horses bolted through the doorway. Braced on his seat on the engine, Danvers held the driver firm while the latter swung the eager, leaping team into the street car tracks and let them out for a straight-away run after the cart.

There are few things so thrillingly suggestive and picturesque as a fire engine making a fast night run. The horses swinging along with rapid strides, the gong beating, a fountain of sparks pouring from the stack, the beautiful, shining machine swaying from side to side, threatening to fall over with its human freight at any moment, yet held upright by the strong hands upon the reins.

They were approaching the fire now, a big factory building, in one end of which a ribbon of flame was weaving in and out through the windows. The cart had already arrived there, a pipeman had jumped off at the nearest hydrant and wound the end of the hose around it to hold while the apparatus went on stringing the lead. The other pipemen were pulling it off the cart while the Captain ran around to take a survey.

"The starch factory," said the driver to Danvers, as they drew up at the hydrant. The Lieutenant nodded, and jumping down, ran ahead to take his place on the lead.

There was a muffled jar inside the factory. Heavens! How the fire seemed to spread! The two upper floors at one end were roaring. Above the rumble and crackle of the fire and the sharp staccato coughing of the engine rose the bellow of the Captain's voice:

"Bring that lead around here! Where the blazes is Danvers?"

The Lieutenant ran ahead of the pipemen who were hustling the hose around to the Captain. Dugan was standing in front of an open door from which issued thick clouds of smoke. A hatless, coatless man rushed up and seized his arm.

"Don't try to go in there!" he cried. "There'll be another explosion in a minute and you'll get hurt!"

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm the watchman, and I know."

"Well, we don't take no orders from you. Get out now, or I'll have that cop put you out. Pass the word, Snell!" cried the angry Captain.

"Turn on Ten!" went echoing along the line, and the hose began to swell as the water was forced along it.

"Keep the nozzle shut until you get inside. Take the men in with the lead, and hit it from below, Lieutenant!"

"Captain, you don't mean to send us in there after the watchman told you there'd be another explosion! It's suicide! It's murder!" he added, in a tone that none but Dugan could hear.

"You coward!" mocked the Captain. "I suspend you for insubordination and cowardice. You'll see that the old man you're trying to run out has more nerve in a minute 'n you ever will have. Come on, boys; I'll go on in the brave Danver's place!"

"Don't do it, boys! Captain, you've no right to kill them when there's no lives to be saved. You've been drinking again——"

"Shut up! Officer, take this man away; he's hindering the men. Come on, now! What! Are you all cowards? Ain't one of you got nerve?"

"I'll go in, Cap!" cried Pipeman Snell.

"Come on, then, quick! We'll do it alone!" shouted the Captain, seizing the nozzle and rushing in. Danvers stood staring after them.

Suspended!

The whole thing was clear in a flash. He had seen murder in the Captain's eyes. The man was crazed by liquor and brooding. If Danvers went in it was to his death; if he refused it meant suspension and possibly discharge for insubordination and cowardice. Ah——

There was a sickening crash within the factory. The walls bulged and tottered while smoke and flame gushed out the windows.

The people around rushed back panic-stricken, but the firemen standing outside did not move. Then to their straining ears came a faint, smothered cry for help from within.

Danvers did not hesitate an instant. Seizing an ax from a pipeman's belt, he rushed through the doorway and disappeared in the smoke.

Captain Dugan and Snell had not gone twenty feet when the crash came. They were thrown to the floor with fearful violence while a mass of timbers and bricks crushed down on them. There was a moment or two of silence and then their groans were heard.

"Captain," gasped Snell, "I'm killed. An iron rod passed through me! Oh, my God!" He could see nothing. Both the rolling smoke and the strangling darkness of death blinded him. He heard the Captain groaning and dragged himself along the floor toward the voice. He clutched at the fallen officer's clothes. "I'm goin', Captain—I'm dyin'—I've sinned—I want to tell—it was me that sent the letter t' the Marshal—I stood t' rise if either of—you—got—fired——" His voice died away. The Captain, crushed and flattened on the floor, heard it murmur and lapse like falling water, then there came a shout, a voice that cried, "Where are you?"

Dugan roused himself from the stupor that muffled his sensees. "Here!" he shouted, struggling to get up, "Here, Danvers!"

There was a rapid rain of ax-blows, a tearing away of debris, and a place was cleared, showing Danvers leaning down, his rubber coat smoking in the heat that was billowing around him. Quickly the young man dragged his Captain from beneath the wreckage.

"Where's Snell?" he questioned, hurriedly.

"Dead! Get out, quick!" said Dugan.

Danvers gathered the Captain in his arms, as he had done once before, and started for the door. His head swam as he pushed though the smoke and flames. His breath was like fire in his throat, hot ashes flew into his face, but he staggered onward. Then came the kiss of a clearer, cooler air, and a cheer greeted him as he stumbled through the doorway with his burden, but it seemed faint and faraway.

Then men were standing beside him, he lowered Dugan to the ground and fell, as with a great roar a third explosion blew out the end of the factory.

He was on his feet in an instant. The Captain was calling for the Marshal. The Chief of the Third came running up and knelt beside him.

"I'm going, old man," gasped Dugan. "I am—don't interrupt, for I'm making my last report—I want to report that my own reckless foolishness caused my death and Pipeman Snell's. He's the man who wrote to you, not Danvers. I suspended Lieutenant Danvers without cause. He acted bravely, and I recommend him—for—promotion!" A pause, then, "Bring out that line, boys! Danvers is right—ah!"

He had answered his last call.

Aladdin's Bag

ERNST SCHULTZ, a Wisconsin boy, asked his father for a bicycle. The latter suggested that he earn the money to buy one by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Ernst soon sold a hundred copies a week, winning a special prize of $25.00 the first month.

A few weeks ago Ernst went through an automobile factory. He went to the president of the concern and told him that he wanted to earn an automobile, and asked for permission to go into the shops and ask some of the men to order copies from him. Pleased with the boy's appearance he was given permission, and was offered a discount of 50 per cent. if he would tell each one of his customers that he was working for that particular machine. Ernst writes: "*Everybody laughs when I tell them I am working for an automobile, but I guess they wouldn't think it was so funny if they knew that I have already saved nearly half enough to buy it. I guess the next thing I will have to work for will be money to pay fines for 'scorching.'*"

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When Jerry Scored.

Although former Congressman Jerry Simpson of Kansas (Sockless Simpson, he was called) has been a long time in the political morgue, stories of his congressional career are still floating around the sunflower State. At one time the house was proceeding under the five-minute rule and Snodgrass of Tennessee rose to reply to Simpson, who, it seems, had charged Snodgrass with the triangular offense of being a lawyer, a fop and a fool. Snodgrass was a dull, tedious sort of a man and could set the nerves of the house on edge quicker than any other man in it. He was proceeding in a manner which he meant to be pompously satirical to crush the guileless Simpson.

"Mr. Speaker," drawled Sondgrass, while the House writhed to be rid of him, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas charges me with being a lawyer——"

"We'll nolle that count," interjected Reed from his seat on the Republican side. "Let the gentleman go on to the next."

"Acting," continued the wearisome Snodgrass, with the same exasperating drawl, "on the suggestion of my eminent friend from Maine, Mr. Speaker, I will now go on to the second count of the indictment preferred against me by the gentleman from Kansas. In the second count, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas charges me with being a fop and accuses me, Mr. Speaker, of wearing clothes. I must say, Mr. Speaker"—this with a lofty sneer, full of a spirit of patronage toward the "sockless" Simpson—"I do wear clothes. I might add, Mr. Speaker, that I not only wear clothes when now I am a member of Congress, but, Mr. Speaker, I wore clothes before ever I came to Congress.

"Mr. Speaker," resumed the pernicious Snodgrass, "the third and last count of the indictment preferred against me by the gentleman from Kansas is that I'm a fool."

"Bang!" came Crisp's gavel. "The gentleman's time has expired."

Snodgrass looked helplessly about; his five minutes were up; he must leave his defense to that third count floating in the air. It was the amiable Simpson himself who would push to the Snodgrass rescue.

"Mr. Speaker," said Simpson, "I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman's time to speak on that third count be extended five minutes. If the House will grant my request he'll prove it."

Advantage of Riches.

George Gould is still wearing a straw hat, which shows one advantage in being rich. If an ordinary man were to wear a straw hat at this time of the year his friends would say that he didn't have money enough to buy new headgear.

He—I heard a song last night at the musicale that took me back to my mother's knee.
She—What was it?
He—"The Patter of the Shingle."

The Blazed Trail;

Or, Struggling for Gold

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

Surely, it is useless to follow the sequel in detail, to tell how Hilda persuaded Thorpe to take her money. To a woman such as she this was not a very difficult task in the long run. A few scruples of pride, that was all.

"I hate to do it," he said; "it doesn't look right."

"You must," she insisted, "I will not take the position of rich wife to a poor man; it is humiliating to both. I will not marry you until you have made your success."

"That is right," said Thorpe, heartily.

"Well, then, are you going to be so selfish as to keep me waiting while you make an entirely new start, when a little help on my part will bring your plans to completion?"

She saw the shadow of assent in his eyes.

"How much do you need?" she asked, swiftly.

"I must take up the notes," he explained. "I must pay the men. I may need something on the stock market. If I go in on this thing, I'm going in for keeps. I'll get after those fellows who have been swindling Wallace. Say a hundred thousand."

"Why, it's nothing!" she cried.

"I'm glad you think so," he replied, grimly.

"She ran to her dainty escritoire, where she scribbled eagerly for a few moments.

"There!" she cried, her eyes shining, "there is my check-book all signed in blank. I'll see that the money is there."

So it was that Hilda Farrand gave her lover confidence, brought him out from his fanaticism, launched him afresh into the current of events. He remained in Chicago all that summer, giving orders that all work at the village of Carpenter should cease. With his affairs that summer we have little to do. His common-sense treatment of the stock market, by which a policy of quiescence following an outright buying of the stock which he had previously held on margin, retrieved the losses already sustained, and finally put both partners on a firm financial footing. That is another story. So, too, is his reconciliation with his sister. It came about through Hilda, of course. Perhaps in the inscrutable way of Providence the estrangement was of benefit—even necessary—for it had thrown him entirely within himself during his militant years.

Let us rather look to the end of the summer. It now became a question of reopening the camps. Thorpe wrote to Shearer and Radway, whom he had retained, that he would arrive on Saturday noon, and suggested that the two begin to look about for men. Friday, himself, Wallace Carpenter, Elizabeth Carpenter, Morton, Helen Thorpe and Hilda Farrand boarded the north-bound train.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The train of the South Shore Railroad shot its way across the broad reaches of the northern peninsula. On either side of the right-of-way lay mystery in the shape of thickets so dense and overgrown that the eye could penetrate them but a few feet at most. Beyond them stood the forests. Thus Nature screened her intimacies from the impertinent eye of a new order of things.

Thorpe welcomed the smell of the northland. He became almost eager, explaining, indicating to the girl at his side.

"There is the Canada balsam!" he cried. "Do you remember how I showed it to you first? And yonder the spruce. How stuck up your teeth were when you tried to chew the gum before it had been heated. Do you remember? Look! Look there! It's a white pine. Isn't it a grand tree? It's the finest tree in the forest, by my way of thinking, so tall, so straight, so feathery, and so dignified. See, Hilda! look, quick! There's an old logging road all filled with raspberry vines. We'd find lots of partridges there, and perhaps a bear. Wouldn't you just like to walk down it about sunset?"

"Yes, Harry."

"I wonder what we're stopping for. Seems to me they are stopping at every squirrel's trail. Oh, this must be Seney. Yes; it is. Queer little place, isn't it? But sort of attractive. Good deal like our town. You have never seen Carpenter, have you? Location's fine, anyway, and to me it's sort of picturesque. You'll like Mrs. Hathaway. She's a buxom, motherly woman who runs the boarding house for eighty men, and still finds time to mend my clothes for me. And you'll like Solly. Solly's the tug captain, a mighty good fellow, true as a gun barrel. We'll have him take us out some still day. We'll be there in a few minutes now. See the cranberry marshes. Sometimes there's a good deal of pine on little islands scattered over it, but it's very hard to log, unless you get a good winter. We had just such a proposition when I worked for Radway. Oh, you'll like Radway, he's as good as gold. Helen!"

"Yes," replied his sister.

"I want you to know Radway. He's the man who gave me my start."

"All right, Harry," laughed Helen. "I'll meet anybody or anything from bears to Indians."

"I know an Indian, too—Geezigut, an Ojibwa—we called him Indian Charley. He was my first friend in the north woods. He helped me to get my timber. This spring he killed a man—a good job, too—and is hiding now. I wish I knew where he is. But we'll see him some day. He'll come back when the thing blows over. See! See!"

"What?" they all asked, breathless.

"It's gone. Over beyond the hills there I caught a glimpse of Superior."

"You are ridiculous, Harry," protested Helen Thorpe, laughingly. "I never saw you so. You are a regular boy."

"Do you like boys?" he asked, gravely of Hilda.

"Adore them," she cried.

"All right, I don't care," he answered his sister in triumph.

The air-brakes began to make themselves felt, and shortly the train came to a grinding stop.

"What station is this?" Thorpe asked the colored porter.

"Shingleville, sah," the latter replied.

"I thought so. Wallace, when did that mill burn, anyway? I haven't heard about it."

"Last spring, about the time you went down."

"Is that so? How did it happen?"

"They claim incendiarism," parried Wallace, cautiously.

Thorpe pondered a moment, then laughed. "I am in the mixed attitude of the small boy," he observed, "who isn't near enough to wish anybody's property destroyed, but who wishes that if there is a fire, to be where he can see it. I am sorry those fellows had to lose their mill, but it was a good thing for us. The man who set that fire did us a good turn. If it hadn't been for the burning of their mill, they would have made a stronger fight against us in the stock market."

Wallace and Hilda exchanged glances. The girl was long since aware of the inside history of those days.

"You'll have to tell them that," she whispered over the back of her seat. "It will please them."

"Our station is next!" cried Thorpe, "and it's only a little ways. Come, get ready!"

They all crowded into the narrow passageway near the door, for the train barely paused.

"All right, sah," said the porter, swinging down his little step.

Thorpe ran down to help the ladies. He was nearly taken from his feet by a wildcat yell, and a moment later that result was actually accomplished by a rush of men that tossed him bodily onto its shoulders. At the same moment the mill and tug whistles began to screech, miscellaneous firearms exploded. Even the locomotive engineer, in the spirit of the occasion, leaned down heartily on his whistle rope. The sawdust street was filled with screaming, jostling men. The homes of the town were brilliantly draped with cheesecloth, flags and bunting.

For a moment Thorpe could not make out what had happened. This turmoil was so different from the dead quiet of desertion he had expected, that he was unable to gather his faculties. All about him were familiar faces upturned to his own. He distinguished the broad, square shoulders of Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Kerlie, Bryan Moloney; Ellis grinned at him from the press; Billy Camp, the fat and shiny drive cook; Mason, the foreman of the mill; over beyond howled Solly, the tug captain; Rollway Charley, Shorty, the chore-boy; everywhere were features that he knew. As his dimming eyes traveled here and there, one by one the Fighting Forty, the best crew of men ever gathered in the northland, impressed themselves in his consciousness. Saginaw birlers, Flat River drivers, woodsmen from the forests of lower Canada, bully boys out of the Muskegon waters, peavey men from Au Sable, white water dare-devils from the rapids of the Menominee—all were there to do him honor; him in whom they had learned to see the supreme qualities of their calling. On the outskirts sauntered the tall form of Tim Shearer, a straw peeping from beneath his flax-white mustache, his eyes glimmering under his flax-white eyebrows. He did not evidence as much excitement as the others, but the very bearing of the man expressed the deepest satisfaction. Perhaps he remembered that zero morning so many years before when he had watched the thinly-clad, shivering chore-boy set his face for the first time toward the dark forest.

Big Junko and Anderson deposited their burden on the raised platform of the office steps. Thorpe turned and confronted the crowd.

At once pandemonium broke loose, as though the previous performance had been nothing but a low-voiced rehearsal.

The men looked upon their leader and gave voice to the enthusiasm that was in them. He stood alone there, straight and tall, the muscles of his brown face set to hide his emotion, his head thrust back proudly, the lines of his strong figure tense with power—the glorification in finer matter of the hardy, reliant men who did him honor.

"Oh, aren't you proud of him?" gasped Hilda, sqeezing Helen's arm with a little sob.

In a moment Wallace Carpenter, his countenance glowing with pride and pleasure, mounted the platform and stood beside his friend, while Morton and the two young ladies stopped half-way up the steps.

All at once the racket ceased. Every one stood at attention.

"Mr. Thorpe," Wallace began, "at the request of your friends here, I have a most pleasant duty to fulfill. They have asked me to tell you how glad they are to see you; that is surely unnecessary. They have also asked me to congratulate you on having won the fight with our rivals."

"You done 'em good." "Can't down the Old Fellow," muttered joyous voices.

"But," said Wallace, "I think that I first have a story to tell on my own account. At the time the jam broke this spring we owed the men here for a year's work. At that time I considered their demand for wages ill-timed and grasping. I wish to apologize. After the money was paid them, instead of scattering, they set to work, under Jack Radway and Tim Shearer, to salvage your logs. They have worked long hours all summer. They have invested every cent of their year's earnings in supplies and tools, and now they are prepared to show you in the company's booms, three million feet of logs, rescued by their grit and hard labor from total loss."

At this point the speaker was interrupted. "Saw off," "Shut up," "Give us a rest," growled the audience. "Three million feet ain't worth talkin' about," "You make me tired," "Say your little say the way you oughter," "Found purty nigh two millions pocketed on Mare's Island, or we wouldn't a had that much," "Damn fool undertaking, anyhow."

"Men!" cried Thorpe, "I have been very fortunate. From failure success has come. But never have I been more fortunate than in my friends. The firm is now on its feet. It could afford to lose three times the logs it lost this year——"

He paused and scanned their faces.

"But," he continued, suddenly, "it can not now, nor ever can, afford to lose what those three million feet represent—the friends it has made. I can pay you back the money you have spent and the time you have put in." And again he looked them over, and then for the first time since they had known him his face lighted up with a rare and tender smile of affection. "But, comrades, I shall not offer to do it; the gift is accepted in the spirit with which it was offered——"

He got no further. The air was rent with sound. Even the members of his own party cheered. From every direction the crowd surged inward. The women and Morton were forced up the platform to Thorpe. The latter motioned for silence.

"Now, boys, we have done it," said he, "and so will go back to work. From now on you are my comrades in the fight."

His eyes were dim, his breast heaved, his voice shook. Hilda was weeping from excitement. Through the tears she saw them all looking at their leader, and in the worn, hard faces glowed the affection and admiration of a dog for its master. Something there was especially touching in this, for strong men rarely show it. She felt a great wave of excitement sweep over her. Instantly she was standing by Thorpe, her eyes streaming, her breast throbbing with emotion.

"Oh!" she cried, stretching her arms out to them, passionately. "Oh! I love you; I love you all!"

(The end.)

Armor Soles.

"How did the bridal party make out?"

"The carriage was wrecked before they got one block."

"Collision with trolley car?"

"No; the bride's brother is a college man and he threw one of his thick-soled shoes."

A Snap Shot.

"Your picture is ever in my mind."

"It isn't my picture. It's a negative."

Complied With the Law.

Some strange things happen in Delaware even among the magistrates who are supposed to take care of the morals of the people. Recently one who lives at Wilmington was arrested because his dog was running at large unmuzzled, and pleaded guilty, saying that the dog had not been running, but lying down. He was fined, and then tied a muzzle to the end of the dog's tail. Again he was arrested, but this time said that he had complied with the law, as it did not state where the muzzle should be worn.

Suggestive.

Lady—You say your last mistress told you that she was pleased with you?

Applicant—Yes, mum; she was real pleased when I left.

Wanted No Return.

A man whose cheerful occupation is that of making tombstones is telling his friends about a woman who visited his place last week and said she wanted a nice tombstone put over her husband's grave, with some short, simple inscription on it. He asked how she would like the word "Resurgam." She inquired as to its meaning, and when he translated it as "I shall rise again" she said in a panic, "No, no, mister; make it "Rest in Peace!"

"Yes, sir; that dog of mine's got almost human intelligence."

"How you must envy him!"

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It is free to the sick.

It tells how to get well without risk. It tells of a remedy so certain, that I am able to say to you, "Use it a month at my risk." Then after 30 days, you alone are to decide. If you say, "Dr. Shoop's Restorative did not help me," the loss is mine—not yours—not a penny to pay if it fails.

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Write now while you have it in mind.

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CHAPTER VII.

"The sweetest joy, the wildest woe, is love."

With a glad song of happiness in his heart King Wadsworth walked rapidly up to the rustic gate which shut him out of paradise two days later, but not until he reached it did he see the white-clad figure leaning over it, eagerly awaiting his coming. When he did see the slight figure, he sprung forward, and putting his hands on both sides of the lovely face, rained kisses upon it, crying:

"My sweet, dear little angel," opening the gate as he spoke; "my darling, you must wait for me in just this way in the days which are to come. I could never do anything wrong if I thought your sweet face was waiting for me when I reached home." He entered and throwing his arm about her waist drew her toward a bench under the spreading arms of an apple tree in the yard. Somewhat to Clover's astonishment, Doctor Arden had not yet returned, although he had sent his niece a note saying that business had delayed him and that she was not to be alarmed. Thus it had been that the two were left together, and had passed two days of unalloyed happiness.

Another perfect June day was fading, and the full moon poured its radiance upon two as beautiful lovers as it has ever seen. Their happiness was as great as ever, although Clover had learned not to blush quite as vividly when her marriage was mentioned, and to return her lover's kisses a trifle less shyly. As for him every moment spent in her pure presence taught him what a treasure he had gained, and increased his impatience to make preparations for their marriage. However, until Doctor Arden returned he did not feel as though he ought to leave, and he could not write of his heart's most sacred impulses. With his arms about his little mother, he could tell her how happy he was, but it was impossible to say all he wished upon paper. Then, too, he realized that however much she might grow to love Clover, just at first it would hurt her to know that some one else was first in his heart. Yes; for it had come to that. After all her years of love and devotion, in a few days this slip of a girl had crept into his heart so that she was dearer than everything else on earth. With all this in his mind, he sat by the side of his sweetheart, tenderly stroking her little hand, and occasionally touching his lips to it, but saying nothing. At last she whispered:

"Speak to me, King."

"Forgive me, love," he said, rousing himself from a day dream in which he saw the happy years stretch out before him.

"I am frightened," she continued, nestling closer to him, and shivering.

"You are cold, own one?" King asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no; it is too perfect a night for that, but something seemed to come over me. I could hear the birds twittering, smell the perfume of the flowers, and feel your dear heart beat here beneath my cheek," pressing it against his breast, "and yet beyond all that I seemed to hear: 'Nevermore, nevermore!'"

"Clover Arden!" King cried, half frightened at her earnestness and the chill of the little hands, "you are catching cold. Go right straight into the house and have some hot tea or coffee. This dew is too heavy for you."

"King, King, why won't you understand? I am not cold physically, but frightened. There is a good deal of difference between the two. You have heard of some one walking over one's grave? Well, some one walked over mine just now. That is, some one is trying to hurt me, and I can feel it." She was crying now and clinging to him with the frightened clutch of a child.

The young man was bewildered. His bright, sunny little Clover, so full of fun and merriment, sobbing wildly upon his breast about positively nothing.

"Darling, did I neglect you? Are you depressed about anything I have said or done? Come, tell me," he urged, kissing her soft hair and as much of her cheek as the little hands clasped over her face, let escape.

For a moment she gave way to her nerves, then endeavored to control herself, for Clover had not been reared by a physician without learning that it was unwise to abandon herself as she was doing, and finally she was able to give King a watery smile, as she wiped her eyes and tried to check her sobs which still rent her bosom.

"Come, sweetheart, this will not do. I cannot stand anything like this again. No sorrow can touch us. You are my promised wife, and I intend that within a very short time, the very shortest we can make it, you shall be mine all alone. For a few weeks I am going to be so selfish, for I will not share you with any one, not even with your uncle or my mother. We will go way off by ourselves, and stay together without a soul to disturb us. That will make you happy, won't it, darling? Come, stop that terrible sobbing and kiss me all by yourself." As she put her arms about his neck and laid her trembling lips on his, he could feel the sobs shaking her from head to foot, and he could not understand her trouble.

"Say that you love me, darling. Tell me," King pleaded, holding her in his arms, and when she complied, he fairly devoured the little face with his kisses.

Suddenly a horse's hoofs sounded on the still night air. Clover heard them first, and, beginning to tremble, cried:

"Oh, what is it? Some trouble coming, I know," and before King could frame an answer, a loud voice called:

"Is Mr. Wadsworth here?"

"Yes; here I am," King answered, rising and going to the gate, where he saw a man on horseback.

"Got a telegram for you," came next, and Clover gave a little scream, as she ran forward.

Ordinarily, King would have received it as a letter, for he and his mother often sent long telegrams to each other, so as to keep in close communication, but the sober expression on the man's face, and Clover's premonitions, served to unnerve him, so that his hand trembled violently as he took the yellow envelope and hastily tore it open.

In the bright moonlight he saw the words as plainly as though the sun were shining, and as he read them, Clover saw the handsome face grow as pale as death.

"Darling, what is it?" she cried, all unconscious of the messenger.

In answer he gave her the telegram, and looked vacantly into space.

With her own hands trembling violently, Clover took the fateful message and read:

"Auntie dying. Return at once. Very sudden. Distracted. Queenie."

"Oh, my poor boy," the young girl cried. "You must send an answer; come, what will you say?"

Rousing himself, King wrote a hasty message, gave it to the man and then turned instinctively to Clover for comfort.

"Come right into the house. No; do not hesitate. This is no time to think of conventionalities," and, half leading him, she took King into the little house where her entire innocent life had been spent. With tender, girlish caresses and words of encouragement, she tried to cheer him, and made him drink of some excellent coffee which she made, before she would allow him to go down to the village. There was no train until four-thirty the next morning, and she felt that he must gather strength before exerting himself. At last he said, quietly, but with all of the glad ring gone from his voice:

"Now, darling, I must leave. It breaks my heart to do it, but my duty takes me away from you. Never fear, my dear, but that I will be back within a very short time. I want you to promise me one thing. I am going to great trouble, perhaps very, very worst, and I want all the comfort I can have; promise me that each day I am away from you, my little girl will write me a letter."

"Why, King, of course I will; that will be all the comfort left to me, and I will pray for your dear mother with all my heart."

"Yes, dear, for she will be your mother, too, if—if she only lives," the strong voice broke slightly.

"Yes, yes, darling, I know. Our mother," and the rosy lips faltered a little, but she was more than repaid by the look of gratitude he gave her, and the tenderness of his kisses, as he again and again bade her good-by. At last, seeing that he was on the verge of breaking down, Clover whispered softly:

"My King, you must go, but tomorrow morning as your train dashes along, look for me on the edge of the clover fields, for I will be there."

"My precious little comforter, will you? Oh, how infinitely sweet! Yes; I will go; but let me take one last look at this dear face," and he bent it back with gentle hands and looked long and yearningly into those features he was not to see for so many weary days and sleepless nights, then straining her to his heart, he kissed her frantically, and rushing from the house, dashed down the road to the village, while Clover fell unconscious to the floor.

The sun was just peeping above the horizon the next morning when the train snorted by the red clover fields, bearing a white-faced young fellow, whose sleepless eyes gazed longingly for a sight of his darling. Although it was so brief and flitting a glance that to his hungry heart seemed all the more lonely, the sight of a pink-clad figure, a mass of dark hair, and those great, luminous eyes, helped him on his tiresome journey and was destined to come before his eyes many, many times in the days which were to follow.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ah, should'st thou live but once love's sweets to prove,
Thou wilt not love to live unless thou live to love."

The great Atlantic dashes itself against the rock-bound coast, only to be repulsed and return to the attack, never seeming discouraged or worsted, but continues its assault until without any warning, a huge boulder falls, the greedy waves suck away the yielding beach, and the ocean gains its own way.

As insistent and relentless as the cruel waves themselves, is an unscrupulous woman, bent upon any purpose, when every energy in her being is bound up in its ultimate success. Day by day she dashes against the opposition, and finally undermines its very foundations, never recking what she may wash away with it.

Three weary weeks had passed in endless succession, since King saw Clover wave her tender farewell in the dawn of a peerless June day. July was proving himself a gallant child of the sun, prostrating the strongest, and making even the cottage at Seabright, on the Maine coast, where the Wadsworths spent every summer, almost unendurable.

For twenty-one long, hopeless days, King had hung over his mother's couch, fearing that each would be her last, and he was utterly worn out. Reaching home that eventful day, he had found Queenie in charge, looking worn and haggard, but very tenderly and womanly, full of resource and sympathy. With great difficulty they succeeded in removing the dying woman to the summer cottage, where the salt air seemed to revive her a little, but several times had come mysterious relapses, which had each time brought her to the very verge of the grave. All this time, however, no matter how distracted he had been, King never failed to write a few lines to Clover, but to his astonishment and finally to his terror, he had received no answer. From the day she had waved her good-by, he had heard absolutely nothing, notwithstanding the fact that he had sent both letters and telegrams. At last, worn and heartsick, leaving his sleeping mother in charge of a trained nurse, he sought Queenie, resolving to confide in her and ask her help.

Leading her down to the deserted beach, he placed her comfortably on a boulder and began, bluntly:

"Queenie, I'm about heart-broken."

"Yes, dear, I know," came in gentle tones. "Poor, dear Auntie. It seems as though I could not stand it, either."

King brushed his hair back from his forehead wearily.

"Yes, yes, I know, poor mother; but Queenie, I have something else to hurt and distract me."

"Something more! Poor boy," and she raised her blue eyes full of tears.

"Yes, indeed; and I am going to confide in you, Queenie, for I know there is no one who can have my interests more at heart than my dear little sister," laying one white hand hot and feverish upon the cold one of his companion.

The great waves thundered against the rocks in protest, but he heeded them not. Above shone a tender moon, but at his statement a cloud stole over her bright face. Nature registered her protest, but he knew not how to read the signs.

"Confide in me, then, dear, if it will help you," dropped from the blood-red lips, but the clear-cut face was turned oceanward.

"You have never loved, dear, so you cannot quite understand, can you, dear?" and King, too, looked toward the great immensity of moving water, feeling how small and insignificant he was.

"You have not tasted of the happiness of knowing that you love and are beloved, and so cannot suffer the torments of the damned as I do now."

Not know of the torments! God in Heaven, who did if not she, the hapless girl thought as she sat there, feeling the kind, careless touch of his hand upon hers, and listening to his loved voice soften as he thought of the one he adored.

"Queenie, I have found a sister for you, a daughter for my mother. I love one with all the power of my manhood."

Turning her white face from the ocean, the young girl said, hoarsely, try as she would to control her voice:

"Why, then, are you unhappy, does she not return your love?"

Wrapped up in his own affairs, King noticed nothing unusual in her manner, but answered, quickly:

"Of course, she does, my darling, but, Queenie, I was forced to tear myself away on account of Mamma's illness, and although I have written and telegraphed, she has never sent me a single word of love, a message of any kind. As far as I know she may not be living. I am nearly frantic."

Queenie arose and stood before him, as she said:

"Could it be that she is angry because you left her, even to go to your mother?"

"No, dear, my Clover is above all that. Her nature is too pure and sweet, but it is possible that her uncle is annoyed and that he prevents her answering. You see, he was away when we became engaged and so I could not ask his permission, but I have written him several times, and he was so kind and upright a man that I cannot believe that he would hurt me so. If he objected, he is honorable enough to write and tell me so, especially when I explained."

"Something certainly must be the matter," Queenie rejoined. "Something very serious. King, you must go to her tomorrow."

The young man sprung to his feet. "Do you really think so, Queenie? Oh, you darling girl," enthusiastically kissing the fair face and never noting how it quivered under his lips.

"Yes, that is the only thing. Something serious has come up, and you alone can straighten it out."

"But Mamma, Queenie?"

"She would be the first to bid you go, were she able to know and realize," was the quiet answer. "Come, it is very late. We will go back, and I will stay with Auntie, while you get a little rest. I somehow do not like to leave her alone a minute, even with the nurse," and as she spoke, they turned and a few minutes later were in the house. After some persuasion

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King was induced to lie down, and Queenie took the nurse's place in the sick room. About three, however, she roused both him and the nurse.

"Mrs. Wadsworth is very much worse," she said to the nurse, while to King she whispered, gently:

"My poor boy, Auntie is even worse than before."

For several hours it appeared that the unhappy lady could not recover, but owing to the promptness of her adopted daughter in administering the proper remedies, her fluttering spirit was kept in her frail body, but King realized that he did not dare leave her side. It was a bitter disappointment to him, for dearly as he loved his mother, the suspense with regard to Clover was almost killing him. As he was sitting looking down at her almost transparent face, Queenie entered, dressed for traveling. King looked up in surprise, but with her finger on her lip, she motioned him into the next room, and leaving the invalid with the nurse, he followed.

"Not a word, King, not a word. I know it will not do for you to leave, for Aunt Faith may revive, ask for you, and not finding you here, pass away from us, but I can and am going. You can trust your sister, can you not?" and the blue eyes looked, very tender and true as they gazed into his.

The young man's lips quivered, and he was not ashamed of the tears which rose to his eyes. Grasping her perfectly gloved hands in his, he kissed them gratefully, tenderly, but, oh, how differently from the way he caressed Clover's, as he cried:

"Queenie, my darling sister! Trust you? Why, I would trust you with everything I possess. Try and bring her back with you. Tell her how I love her and that I cannot live unless I see her. Oh, dear little girl, speak as though you were pleading for my life, darling, go! It will be an unbearable age until you return."

Queenie hesitated. "King, dear, give me a kiss to take to her," she said, half laughing, and yet with an undercurrent in her voice. King laughed. His spirits were rising.

"Ah, no, dearie. Lovers' kisses cannot be transmitted through a third party. When you love you will understand that, but let me kiss my little sister for herself," and so speaking he caught her in his arms and rained down half a dozen brotherly kisses upon her hajr, eyes and cheeks, but Queenie noticed with a dull, dead feeling at her heart, not upon her lips; then he gave her a little push, saying, earnestly:

"Hurry, my little messenger, and bring me back the best of answers, Clover herself."

That day seemed the longest King had ever spent, although his anxiety about his mother was lessened before evening, as she appeared wondrously better, and by the next morning, the physician said, cautiously: "I should say, Mr. Wadsworth, that if we can only prevent another of these relapses, Mrs. Wadsworth has passed the crisis."

Still a vague something oppressed him, and he counted the minutes as they dragged along. His mother was sleeping quietly, safe in the watchful care of the nurse, when the hour came for the one train to arrive from the metropolis, and he resolved to drive over, hoping that Queenie might arrive, especially as he had received no message.

So certain was he that Clover would accompany them, that he took his two-seated trap, and arriving at the depot an hour too early, astonished the people of the village by driving his thoroughbreds as few had seen horses driven, seeking to wear out his impatience and force the minutes to fly more hastily.

The great, black engine came rapidly around the curve, as a snail pace it seemed to him, sending out the peculiarly harrowing sounds with which it announces its approach to a station, and he felt every drop of blood in his body go surging to his head. A terrible surging dimmed his faculties as the train slowed up at the depot, and one passenger alighted. For a moment he staggered, then advanced to meet her, for it was Queenie.

"Alone?" he gasped, vainly looking beyond her and hoping that his little love was hiding through shyness.

"Alone, dear," Queenie answered, gently, and yet hopelessly.

"What is it, what is it, tell me?" he cried, grasping her arm with a force which left its imprint upon the snowy surface for many a long day.

"Hush, King, hush! Just take me to the trap, and going home I will tell you all."

"Is she dead??" he gasped.

"No, King, she is not dead," was the low answer.

Staggering like a drunken man, King led the way to the trap, and after nearly throwing her in, and mounting by her side, he cried:

"Quick, tell me, my God, girl, do you think I am made of ice that you madden me so? Quick! Where is my darling?"

Queenie turned a face toward him, from which every atom of color had faded, except the lips. "How can I tell you, King?" she whispered.

"If she isn't dead, why should you fear? That is all. Has the poor child met with an accident and been disfigured? That means nothing to me, except that she needs me more than ever. Tell me," and again he clutched her arm.

"Do not hurt me, King, dear; I am only trying to break the news to you gently. Yes; there is truoble, my poor boy, dreadful trouble, but not of the kind you think."

"What is it, what is it? Do not spare me, but tell me, oh, God, tell me."

"Stop and let us get out," Queenie pleaded. "You are not fit to handle those horses, and then I will tell you," and realizing the truth of her statement, King climbed wearily out, and fastening the horses, helped her to the ground. Laying a tender hand on his arm, Queenie led him to a fallen tree by the roadside, and seating herself, said, earnestly:

"King Wadsworth, if you have a spark of manhood in your being, you will exert your self control, and meet what I am going to tell you bravely."

"If you will only tell me, I may be able to do it, but if you keep on in this maddening way, I can't answer for my actions," he replied, wiping from his brow the beads of sweat which gathered there.

"When I landed in the village I went directly to Doctor Arden's house."

"Yes, I know the dear old way," King said, in a half whisper.

"An old gentleman opened the door, and when I told him who I was and from whom I came, a cloud overspread his face. 'Poor boy,' he muttered, then led me into the house. 'I am speaking to Doctor Arden?' I asked.

"He bowed. 'Will you kindly let me see Miss Arden?' I continued. His face flushed and he replied, in a quavering voice: 'I wished to see Mr. Wadsworth himself, and so did not answer his communications. My niece was sure he would come right down when he did not hear from her.'"

"And so I should have if my mother had not been at the point of death. Did you tell him so? But, of course you, did; go on, Queenie, go on, for God's sake."

"Of course, I did, dear, you know that, and he listened, and then he said, in so heart-broken a tone that I felt very uneasy: 'I wish to God I had been here, for I did not know there was any thought of love on the young man's part. She had no right to listen to any other man's love-making, for she had another lover—her foster brother.'"

"Clover another lover! By God! he lies! and I will make him take back the damned lie on his bended knees," King cried, springing to his feet, burning with indignation.

"Hush, dear, hush. Did she ever speak of a foster brother?"

"No; for she never had one," King replied, plying his whip savagely about the undergrowth.

"Yes, she did, dear, for I inquired in the village, and their marriage was an understood thing in the neighborhood. Listen, King, my poor boy. He returned home three weeks ago yesterday. She met him in the village and fainted. The return train was due in half an hour, and without waiting to go home, she took it with this man. That evening her uncle received a short note telling him she had run off with the man she truly loved, and enclosing one for you, which he was instructed to hold until your coming there. King, King, listen! The old man was heart-broken, because, all this time you have been longing for her, she has been living with a man who cannot marry her because he is married already."

"How do you know this?" The voice was so broken she hardly recognized it.

"Because that poor old man told me. He said that he had insisted upon the fellow leaving home on account of his wildness two years ago; that he had hoped he would reform, but that when he (Doctor Arden) went away it was to investigate into the claims of a woman and child. He discovered that the woman was this man's wife and the child his own, and that he had deserted both. Now, King, I have had the most heart-rending errand, and I can only repeat what he said and give you the letter."

"Give me the letter first," King cried, reaching out his hands.

"No, dear; I must follow good Doctor Arden's instructions." 'Tell that poor boy,' he said, 'that my heart goes out to him. I am an old broken man, and while, of course, I cannot command his actions, I would ask that he does not intrude upon me. I am more sorry than I can tell that my niece has proven unworthy of him, but to do her justice be it said that she did not know the man was married, but she did know he was a worthless, idle scamp whom I would not tolerate, and that she had won a good, worthy man. Give him the letter, and then tell him to forget that such a person as Clover Arden lived,'" and as she finished, Queenie held out a little sealed envelope.

The strong man trembled like an aspen leaf as he broke the seal, and read, in her well-known handwriting:

"Poor, poor King: You will never, never forgive me, and I cannot myself, but I am so sorry. You know what blind, mad love is. I must follow when it calls. I tried so, so hard to forget and return your noble love, but I could not forget, and when he came to me, I could not resist him. Forget that I ever lived, or think of me as one you once knew, but who died. I am not worthy of your thoughts, for he has told me that something will prevent his marrying me even now, but I do not care. After one look at his face I could not remain behind. I did deceive you so, so much, but, King, my poor boy, he has the first claim, forgive me, forgive me, one which is two years old, and I really belong to him. My heart will break, but I love him, I love him, with the whole strength of my being, and I would rather be his, though he beats me, than the wife of any man in the world. Forgive me, oh, forgive me, for I need it so much."

King read the letter through several times, then his mouth tightened and his face hardened. Folding it, he put it in his pocket, and said, with a new, strange tone in his voice:

"Come on, Queenie, I have really trespassed upon your good nature too much. Just oblige me by never mentioning it again." Then helping her into the vehicle, he drove his prancing horses with a hand as firm as iron.

CHAPTER IX.

"This all in all; without love nothing is."

A group of young men lounged about the smoking room of one of the most select clubs in New York City. One of them a pleasant-faced young fellow, although his temples were grayer than his years warranted, was telling some story, and the others joined in with lively comments:

"Yes, fact; he's spent several small fortunes on her already, and seems willing to be bled some more."

"Ah, now, let's call a stop. I'm willing to see a fellow play the limit, but there's no use having him plucked."

"Then you think ma belle is plucking, Stanley?" laughed the first speaker.

"She couldn't one of us, but Wadsworth's scarcely fair game, you know. Until this winter he was not known to the fraternity, and now he's an easy mark for anything wanted, from a bird and a bottle to a theater."

"Well, the fellow's old enough to have cut his eye teeth, and if he can't hold his own, it's no funeral of ours," another spoke up.

"Once a friend, always one," Stanley rejoined. "King and I went right through Yale together; fought her fights, helped to win her victories, and a cleaner man I have never met. Now, that he's a little off color on account of some disappointment or other, I don't know what, I'm going to see him done fair, or know the reason why."

"I do not understand," came in a well-bred drawl, in which the "a" was very broad. "Who is this Mr. Wadsworth, Stanley; I've never met him.'

The other members turned. That well-bred, drawling voice was well known, and its owner eagerly sought after, for, during his long minority, the Earl of Barnchester had become one of the richest men in England, and since coming to New York, he had proven that his claim to popularity did not lie entirely in the fact that he was many times a millionaire or wore one of the proudest titles of his native land, for he was pleasing in manner, ready for anything which promised amusement, and never appeared to recognize the fact that he was entitled in England to a higher place in society than the gentlemen he was associating with in the most aristocratic circles of New York's four hundred.

Stanley laughed. "Why, Barnchester, to acknowledge that you don't know King Wadsworth, is to admit yourself out of the inner of inners, as it were. King is King, that's the sum and substance of it all."

"What is it I am?" asked a languid voice, and all turning, saw the subject of their conversation standing in the door, in faultless evening dress, as were all the gentlemen, but with that nameless something which always distinguished him. Still what a changed King from the light-hearted, pure-minded young fellow who clasped his first love to his heart and laid bare his soul to one whom he now believed utterly unworthy of any consideration. The nameless grace, commanding figure and well-cut features were all there; but the eyes wore a hunted look as though their owner were seeking to escape from secret memories; the healthy tinge had departed from the young face, and there were new lines on the pale cheeks which told of nights of mad dissipation, of hours spent in hopeless effort to drown a pair of fathomless dark eyes, lighted with what had seemed the holy fire of love. The voice had altered, too, for all the gay, happy light was replaced by a languid, lifeless tone, which forbade any sympathy, although it excited it.

At his words, Stanley advanced, and said, eagerly:

"The man we are looking for. I want to introduce you to one of our new friends, King," and turning he indicated the young Earl.

"Your lordship, I have the honor of presenting Mr. Kingsley Wadsworth; King, the Earl of Barnchester," he said, with more ceremony that he was accustomed to use.

The two shook hands warmly, for they were immediately attracted toward each other, and in a few minutes, they and Stanley were talking about some amusement for the evening.

"Suit yourself, gentlemen," King finally said, languidly, lighting his cigar, and remembering as he did so that Clover had never been able to endure smoking, and that he had given it up for her sake. Her sake! Was everything under Heaven to remind him of that heartless woman?

"I have heard so much relative to your gambling houses," the Earl remarked, following King's example and lighting a cigar. "Of course, I have been to Monte Carlo, Hamburg, and to the majority of the smaller places abroad, as well as at home, but so far have not touched a chip since landing in New York."

"Impossible," King remarked, flicking the ash from the end of his cigar.

"If any one knows about such resorts, King does," laughed Stanley.

"There is a fascination in losing, is there not?" laughed the young Earl, and the other faintly smiled. If he could only find something which would fascinate him. Could he never still the sound of that maddening voice?

"Will you be our guide this evening?" the Earl continued, smiling with that pleasing manner which won him friends from all classes.

"Gladly, although there is but little to amuse, after all. We must seem sadly crude, my lord," King returned, tossing away his cigar. Tobacco did not mingle with the odor of rich, red clovers. Good God! he was losing his mind, there was no such scent in the room, and yet as plainly as though he were in the dear old garden, with his beautiful love beside him, he could feel the warm, sweet breeze upon his cheek, and hear her voice saying:

"My beautiful clovers. You must love them, King, dear, for my sake. Promise me, darling, that whenever you see or smell them you will think of your little love."

Think of her! Was there any minute, sleeping or waking, that he did not think of her and weep in his heart for her loss?

Suddenly he was aroused by the Earl saying in his wholesome way:

"My dear Mr. Wadsworth, I am upon American soil. Please forget that I have the misfortune to wear a title which is not really recognized in this country. Let me be George or Barnchester to you, and permit me to address you in just as familiar a manner. When I am on my estates, I get enough of my lording to last me for the rest of my natural days. My mother says that there is more American than English blood in my veins, much to her sorrow."

King held out his hand, and then and there a friendship was welded which was to last all of their lives.

While they were laughing and talking another man had entered, and Stanley, seeing him, called out, "Litchfield, I say Litchfield, come over here," when the gentleman turned and the Earl cried, excitedly:

"Litchfield, as I'm a sinner!" and advanced to meet his friend of the steamship China.

Within ten minutes the four were chatting carelessly, and of the three Litchfield, King and the Earl of Barnchester, none looked into the future and saw how their lives were to be intertwined.

Finally Stanley was called away, but promised to return later, for the four agreed to spend a few hours at a gambling house to which King had entree, and the others sat down to dinner in the club, King being the host.

When the three had finished and returned to the smoking room for their cigars, the Earl said, suddenly:

"Litchfield, I only knew you a short time on the steamer, but I learned to recognize your good qualities; no, just wait, Wadsworth, I have only met you tonight, and yet I want to tell you something, perhaps what I would never breathe to Stanley, or the many acquaintances I have met, but which is eating out my heart. I want your help if you will give it to me, and I think I can have it. Of course, I'm not much more than a boy, but I have been my own master for so many years that I have learned to judge men pretty well, and I believe you can be trusted."

The other men, both his senior, stretched out their hands, for the handsome young fel-

(Continued on page seven.)

"Alone!" he gasped.

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It is impossible to please the woman who doesn't know what she wants.

The world may owe every man a living, but it is too busy to hunt him up and tell him so.

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A good laugh is oft times better than a hearty meal. Cut out this joke and give it to the next tramp that calls.

The strongest stomach on record was possessed by a man who ate at the same table with a lot of medical students.

Colombia has a deficit of 30,000,000 pesos, Colombian money. That must be almost as much as 30 cents in real money.

German finances are said to be in a bad way. We can easily lend the Germans Mr. Schwab, who is something of a financier.

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That action of the Carroll College faculty in putting a stop to football will attract general attention as an interesting revival of the quaint theory that students attend college for the purpose of studying.

The Kaiser has gone to Hungary to hunt stags, and three Italian anarchists have gone to the same country to hunt the Kaiser, and the Austro-Hungarian police are hunting the anarchists. The stags are not hunting anything but fodder.

This rumor that President Baer is to be retired from his office because his administration has been unsatisfactory to the directors of the coal roads is alarmingly suggestive. Are not the directors satisfied with the way the coal prices have been boosted?

John Bull is afraid there may be something wrong about the absorption of those islands on the Bornean coast, and he's going to make an inquiry into the matter. John forgets the careless ease with which he has done his own annexing, most of it without the shadow of any legal right. But let him inquire to his heart's content.

Born in Mystery;

Or, The Heiress of Claremont Hall.

By Libbie Sprague Phillips.

Begun in No. 42, Oct. 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

PART IV.

But she did as he had commanded her, kept the baby from his sight as much as possible. Of course, the nurse often wheeled it about the grounds in the baby carriage, but if she saw him approaching near them she always turned aside into another path. Thus the baby grew to be three years old before he had ever looked upon it save from a distance.

Then one day she evaded the watchful eye of the nurse and wandering through the grounds alone, became lost in the shrubbery.

All unmindful of the fact that she was wandering from the house, she followed the carriage drive until she reached the highway; then, after having gone a few rods over the dusty road, she suddenly became frightened and began to cry.

Major Claremont, who had been to the village, was just returning home, and as he drew near the frightened child, he called to it in a gentle tone and inquired the cause of its grief; but he never dreamed that it was the child who was living beneath his own roof.

"I am losted and tan't find myself!" lisped the baby, in a piteous tone; and as she raised her black eyes to the Major's face, a look of astonishment overspread his features which gradually deepened into one of wonder and amazement.

Those eyes! How the look from their liquid depths seemed to sweep away the mist of years! Back, far back in the past, just such dewy starlike eyes from just such a dear little dimpled face had gazed into his own, just such little dimpled arms had been twined about his neck, just such a lisping voice had sounded in his ears, making for him the sweetest music on earth; for, strange and incredible as it appeared to him, this child was the living image of his dead son—poor, ill-fated Dick. And involuntarily the words burst from his lips: "Oh, Dick, my baby!"

"My name is not Dick!" and the child stamped her tiny foot in true childish fashion; "it's Marian. I runned away from Nurse, and now I'm losted, and I wish you would find me and take me home. Auntie said I must never talk to you, tause you don't like babies; but I dess when I'm losted I must talk to somebody, tause if I tan't never find myself Auntie will cry."

"Who is Auntie?" And the Major raised the baby in his arms and wiped the tears from her face. "Tell me," he continued, "who Auntie is and I will take you to her."

"Why don't you know? Auntie is Agnes, and you are her papa, and she lives where you does. But I dess I had better walk if you don't like babies, but you can show me the way."

Major Claremont placed the child upon the ground and a feeling of indignation, for a moment, swelled within his heart.

Could it be possible that he had been holding within his arms the child of Marian Blake!

But the child began to cry again. "Come," she said, "I is in a hurry. Show me where Auntie is!" And as those black eyes were again raised to his face, his heart was again thrilled by the memory of that face which this baby's so strangely resembled, a face that was mouldering to dust within the bosom of old mother earth, and again a feeling of tenderness for the little waif came over him.

"I will show you the way," he said, gently; but they had gone but a few steps when they heard Agnes' voice calling "Marian," and the next instant, flushed and excited, she stood before them.

"Why, baby, what a fright you have given us!" she exclaimed, as her eyes rested upon the child, then a troubled look came over her face as she suddenly discovered that it was the Major who was leading her.

"I talked to him," said the baby, in her droll, childish fashion, "and he didn't scold a bit. I dess he was sorry I was losted."

"I am very sorry that she has annoyed you," Agnes remarked, in a trembling voice, "but she managed to steal away from the nurse. We have been looking all over the ground for her. She shall not trouble you again."

But instead of the shower of indignant words which Agnes fully expected, he handed her the child, pulled his hat over his eyes, and without any reply, whatever, walked rapidly on ahead of them toward the house.

Major Claremont's brain had, ever since the night on which he had seen what seemed to him to be the apparition of his son's face at the window, been full of ghostly imaginations. They troubled his mind through the day and haunted his dreams at night. And now the face of this little child with Dick's black, flashing eyes, seemed to be staring at him from every shrub and flower.

Had his boy really been innocent of the great crime of which he had accused him? Had he, his father, really driven him to his death, and was his accusing spirit to follow him the remainder of his days?

Such thoughts as these filled his mind, as with bent head and weary steps he walked the terrace until the midnight hour.

Then he sought his couch. But again his slumber was troubled by torturing dreams. He could hear the little child crying that it was lost; gradually the voice deepened into loud, clear tones until it seemed to be the voice of his boy uttering the words with a long, deep, wailing cry, "Lost—lost—lost!"

Soon after this old Mrs. Blake was taken ill and Agnes was sent for with the request that she would bring baby Marian with her.

"How I wish," said the old lady, as she clasped the baby in her arms, "that my health had been better, that I might have kept her myself. Tell me, Agnes, it has been hinted to me more than once by the villagers, that Ellis broke his engagement with you because you adopted Marian's baby. Is it true, Agnes? It has troubled me greatly. I could not bear to think that in befriending us in our great trouble you had ruined your own life's happiness."

"So that is the reason which the gossips are giving for Ellis' long absence!" exclaimed Agnes, while a feeble smile for a moment lit up her pale face.

Going on with her daily routine, Agnes had heard nothing of this. She visited very little, as her father had always objected to her entertaining guests at the Hall, and she would never partake of any one's hospitality if she could not have them visit her in return; therefore, she knew and heard of but very little that was going on in the village.

But she had often wondered if any one beside her father had ever connected Ellis Deering's name with Marian's in a dishonorable way; and it was with a feeling of relief that she heard that they attributed his absence to nothing worse than her having adopted the baby.

"No, Mrs. Blake," she answered, as she took the old lady's hand in her own; "Ellis was Marian's friend, and he, himself, charged me never to part with the baby."

"I am so glad to hear you say so. I think I have worried more over this than I have over the bitter things they have said of Marian. Their cruel insinuations cannot harm her now, and I shall soon be where they can not reach my ears. But you and the baby—I would not have her misguided life cast even a shadow over yours, and I could die happier if I could know that the dark cloud which hangs over baby's life would some day be lifted, that some day she would fill her rightful place in the world.

Again Agnes thought of the story of Edgar Manning and shuddered.

Her rightful place in the world as the daughter of a murderer! No, no, a thousand times no! Better, far better that her life should be darkened by a cloud of suspicion than by a darker one of dishonor and crime!

Mrs. Blake noticed the troubled look on Agnes' face and at once her thoughts reverted again to Ellis Deering.

"Yes," she continued, "I am glad to know that Ellis is not staying away on baby's account. But has your engagement been broken, Agnes? Will Ellis never return?"

"I do not know, Mrs. Blake; I know not where he is, nor why he stays. I gathered from the few words of explanation which he did give for his strange actions, that some friend of his had gotten into trouble and that he was helping him. Why that friend has greater claims on him than I have, I do not know."

And Agnes' voice had in it a ring of weariness and despair that wrung the poor old lady's heart. This girl was very dear to her. She had, in her childhood, been her daughter's constant friend and companion, and had often, with that daughter, listened to her motherly counsel and advice, and her noble conduct since Marian's death had made her still more dear.

Agnes was sitting with downcast eyes in which the tears had gathered, twisting one hand round the other in an absent way, which caused Mrs. Blake to notice that she still wore her engagement ring.

"You expect to remain true to him, Agnes?" she asked. "Are you to spend the best years of your life in lonely waiting? And, after all, he may never come back. My poor girl, I begin to feel that he is unworthy of your love. Forget him."

Agnes sighed.

"He may never come back; that is very true; but in that case, not only the best years, but all the years of my life will I spend in waiting. I shall never forget him, and I could never love another. It has always been a mystery to me that Marian, loving my brother as she did, could so soon forget him and wed some one else. I never could have done so."

Mrs. Blake was silent for a moment, then turning to Agnes, she said, in a slow, decided way:

"Marian never forgot your brother, Agnes, nor did she cease to love his memory. You ask me how I know? Look at this child. Study its features well, if you have never done so. Now, whom does it resemble? Can you not see your brother's eyes looking at you every time you look into its own? Note the full, red lips, the broad, low forehead. Ah, Agnes! she is the living picture of what your brother was at her age, and the strange resemblance can be accounted for only in this way: Marian never forgot him; and in her loneliness and grief, with the memory of his dear face constantly in her mind, his likeness was stamped upon the face of her child. Have you never thought of this, Agnes; have you never noticed the strange resemblance?"

"I never have," replied Agnes, but her eyes were now bent upon the baby's face with a searching look.

As her brother had been three years older than herself, she could not remember how he had looked when very young. But those eyes were certainly very like Dick's, and instantly her mind went back to the day when Ellis Deering had bent above the cot where the baby was lying and uttered these words: "Her face will one day reveal the secret, if nothing else does."

She had wondered at the time whose likeness Ellis had seen there, she had often wondered since; and now, as her mind slowly awakened to a knowledge of the fact that the baby surely did resemble her dead brother, she not see how that face revealed the secret of its birth; to her mind, it only deepened the mystery.

"But, Mrs. Blake," she asked, presently, "if you believe that Marian found it impossible to forget her first love, that she dreamed of him continually even after she was the wife of another, then why do you counsel me to forget Ellis Deering. If Marian could not forget, why should you think it possible for me to do so?"

"Ah, my child, the cases are very different. The object of Marian's love died true to her and loving her to the last; the object of your love has apparently deserted you, left you for a mere whim, it seems to me; therefore, as he has proved himself unworthy of your love, why should you waste it upon him?"

Agnes shook her head.

"I cannot feel in that way," she answered; "I cannot believe him unworthy. He may have mistaken notions of duty and honor, but I believe he thinks that he is acting for the best. There is certainly something very strange about it. I do not pretend to understand it in the least; it may be that I never shall; but I shall remain true to Ellis Deering."

"You are a noble girl, Agnes, and I sincerely hope that your great love and trust will one day be rewarded. And now before you go home, there is a little box of jewels and trinkets in the closet yonder that belonged to Marian; I want you to take them with you and save them for baby. I may not live long and I want to be sure that the child has something that was once her mother's. And, Agnes, when she grows older tell her of her mother and teach her to love that lonely grave in which she is sleeping, and to regard those rings and trinkets as something sacred because they once belonged to her."

Agnes promised that she would and that night she took from the box a locket containing Marian's portrait, and showing it to the child, taught the lisping voice to call it "mamma." The locket was one which Dick had given Marian in the old days of their courtship and it also contained a portrait of himself, but Agnes never once thought of the false idea which those two portraits together would one day give the child.

Mrs. Blake died soon after this and her husband, being left alone, went to a distant town to live with a relative. Thus the child grew up, knowing no one with whom she could claim relationship but the kind-hearted girl who had adopted her and who taught her to call her Auntie.

As she grew older, she made herself quite at home in the great, lonely house and her childish voice awoke echoes unheard before. She was, by nature, bright and joyous, and her happy laughter could not fail to awaken a sense of joyousness in the hearts of those around her. Agnes loved her, the servants worshipped her; and one day, in her daring, childish way, she stormed the citadel of the stern old Major's heart, beat down the barriers of haughtiness and pride; and, after having won from him a few gracious words, she established herself as queen of the household.

She had always regarded the Major as her grandfather as both Agnes and the nurse had taught her to call him thus. But they had also taught her that he was sorrowful and unhappy, that children annoyed him, and that she must avoid going into his presence as much as possible.

Agnes had often noticed her father looking intently at the child as she played in the garden, but she had never dared to hope that he would ever notice her in any other way, and words cannot describe the look of astonishment that came into her eyes when Marian told her that she had actually won his love.

"He was sitting on the lawn," she said, as she related to Agnes what she had done, "looking sad and lonely, and I felt so sorry for him that I walked right up to him and told him so. He wouldn't look at me for a while, but I kept on talking and finally he raised his head and I saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"'Oh, child, child!' he said, 'don't look at me so! Run away and play! Those eyes of yours will break my heart!'

"'But I don't want to play,' I answered, 'I want to talk to you, and I don't want to break your heart, grandpapa, I want to love you, and I want you to love me.'

"'Love you!' he said, and, oh, Auntie! his voice sounded as though he was going to cry, and then he said: 'Oh, Dick, what does it mean; what does it mean?'

"I felt a little frightened to hear him talk in that way, and he was trembling all over. But I didn't want his heart to break as he said it would, so I just put my arms around his neck and kissed him, and as he didn't push me away, I stayed there close by his side, while he kept on moaning and talking to himself. I was so sorry for him, and my own heart felt so queer that I thought maybe it was going to break, so I told him so; and I told him I knew that it would break and kill me if he did not love me. He didn't answer for a minute, then putting his hand to his head as though it pained him, he said, "Yes, yes, child; I will love you!"

Then he waved his hand at something that I could not see and said, 'There, Dick, I have promised; now let me have peace and rest.'

"I think he must be a little crazy, Auntie, don't you? For there was no one there but me. I guess he thought that papa was there. Maybe I look like him and that is the reason he said my eyes would break his heart. Are my eyes like papa's, Auntie?"

Agnes was both amazed and perplexed. That the child had actually won her father to promise to love her, seemed to her almost incredible. She had listened to the strange recital in breathless silence, and as she finished by speaking of Dick Claremont as her father, she racked her brain for words with which to answer her.

True, she reflected, it was but natural that the child had formed the idea that Dick had been her father. She was wearing, even now, the locket which contained his portrait and her mother's; while she had been taught to call her auntie, and the Major grandfather. Agnes had never before thought of the false idea which this would give her. She was being educated at home; therefore, as she did not go to the village school and had never been allowed to mingle with the children of the neighborhood, no meddling gossipers had ever told her of the dark cloud that hung over her birth. That she would learn it some day, Agnes had always supposed, but she had always shrank from telling her herself, and she shrank from it now.

Besides, she reasoned, Marian was yet too young to understand. She was only ten; after she had grown older she would tell her something of her mother's life, but not now. She would still let her remain happy in the belief that she had a right to the name she bore; it surely could do no harm.

But the child was wondering at her long silence, and as she looked down and met the gaze of those great, black eyes, she felt that indeed they were very like Dick's, and as she bent and kissed the serious-looking little face, she told her so.

But that night when she met her father at the dinner table, she fancied that he looked ill, and she thought of the strange words which Marian had told her he had uttered: "I have promised, Dick; now let me have peace and rest," and wondered what they could possibly have meant. Did he fancy that Dick's spirit was pleading with him for Marian's child? Was this the cause of his having promised to love her?

After dinner he asked her to join him in the library and read to him.

"I feel ill and nervous," he said; "strange fancies seem to haunt me. Read something from one of the poets, something that will cause me to forget, for a while, the troubles and the woes of life."

She went to a low bookcase which stood in the corner of the room and began searching for a volume of Tennyson. It was not lying on the top, and in looking among them she accidentally pushed one back until it dropped to the floor behind the bookcase. In order to get it, she found that it would be necessary to move the bookcase out from the wall, and in doing so she chanced to touch a panel which flew open, revealing a secret hiding place within.

It started her as the panel swung back and she uttered a little scream which caused her father to observe what had happened.

"You have done what no one ever did before, Agnes," he remarked, "you have accidentally discovered the secret drawers. See!" and rising, he went to the bookcase, and touched a spring within the opening which the panel had made, and a small drawer slid out beneath his hand.

"Your mother used to keep her jewels in this drawer, and I have often had large sums of money hidden here. Below this one are two other drawers." And touching another spring they slid slowly open to their view.

But one seemed to have caught on something, as it opened only part way. He pulled on it gently, but as he could move it no farther, he removed the upper drawer entirely, that he might see the cause of the trouble.

As he did so, a slender gold chain was exposed to view, attached to which, was a locket set with rubies and many diamonds. The chain had caught between the drawers, and some time, in pushing the upper drawer shut, it had been drawn to the farthest corner and could only be seen when the drawer was entirely open.

A startled cry broke from the Major's lips, and as Agnes raised her eyes to his face she saw that he had grown deathly pale, while a look of horror had settled on his features.

"What does it mean, Papa—this locket? Why have I never seen it before? Why was it hidden there?"

But the Major had sunk into a chair, trembling in every limb, while the deathly hue deepened on his face until Agnes feared he was about to faint.

"What is it, Papa? Are you ill?" she asked, anxiously, as she laid her hand on his trembling hand.

For a moment deep moans and dry, choking sobs were her only answer. Then presently from his white lips burst the words, "My boy, my poor, wronged Dick! Oh, God of Heaven, punish me! Take my life this minute—strike me dead!"

Agnes was terrified, fearing that he had been suddenly bereft of his senses. She stepped to the door and was about to ring for the servants, when her father, divining her intentions, sprang to his feet and caught her by the arm.

"Call no one!" he cried, "and you, my child, listen to me! You have loved me very dearly. I have never deserved your love; but you will despise me, hate me, curse me now! You cannot help it, for I wronged your brother. God help me! I did not know it at the time, but I see it all now, and, oh, the cruel, awful mistake that I made! Oh, Dick, my dear, dear boy! Oh, Heaven, let me die!"

"But, Papa, do not rave so! You frighten me, indeed, you do! I cannot understand what you mean. I have always thought that you wronged my brother, but I never knew in what way. Of what did you accuse him, Papa, and in what did you wrong him? Calm yourself and tell me now!"

The excited man had again sung into a chair, and as Agnes again drew near his side, he exclaimed: "Do not touch me, Agnes, I am not worthy of even a look from your clear, truthful eyes!"

Then again the room echoed with the mournful cry: "My boy! Oh, my boy!"

"Listen!" he said, at length, as he raised his hand to his brow, which was growing hot and feverish, "your brother used to spend money very extravagantly, as I thought, and to punish him, I cut down on his yearly allowance one half. Of course, he was soon without a cent, and one day he came to me and begged earnestly for a few hundred dollars, and I sternly refused him. I meant to learn him to be more economical, for, indeed, I was afraid that, with his free, generous nature, he did not place a proper value upon his wealth, nor realize to what an extent he was throwing money away. He pleaded with me for a long while, for he said that he had gotten into debt and must raise the money in some way, and when he found that he could not induce me to let him have what he asked for, he left me in a rage.

"It was in this very room, Agnes, that the stormy interview took place and that locket, which now lies staring at me from the drawer, was lying on the table yonder. Dick had been looking at his mother's portrait, which it contains, and had remarked that had she but lived, life would have been so different for him.

"'She would find a way to help me out of this trouble,' he said, 'if she had to sell this locket, dearly as she prized it.'

"They were idle words, it seemed, but they led to all the trouble. After Dick had left the room, I took the locket and placed it, as I thought, in the drawer which contained the rest of your mother's jewels, and thought no more about it until about a month afterward; then I chanced to open the drawer one day and the locket was gone.

"It is very valuable, Agnes; those diamonds are worth a fortune, and for a moment after discovering my loss I felt dazed and confused. Then the remembrance of what Dick had said came back to me, and as I had heard no more about his debts, I at once formed the idea that he had disposed of the locket in order to pay his bills. The more I thought about this, the more clear it became to me. No one else knew of the secret drawer, therefore, no one else could possibly have taken it, and the locket was surely gone.

"But, ah! my child, I see it all now! After all these years of bitter sorrow I see the awful mistake that I made. I, in my excitement that day, after the stormy interview with Dick, must have, in an absent-minded way, put the locket in the wrong drawer, and there it has lain all these long years, while Dick——"

This strange story of love and mystery will be continued in next week's Ledger, leading the reader to some very dramatic and remarkable situations. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Mark of Cain.

(Continued from page five.)

low was one to win the confidence of any one. With his mother's dark beauty, he had inherited his father's nobility of bearing, and carried his slender, graceful figure like a prince. His flashing dark eyes denoted a high order of intelligence, and as has been shown, although coming from a proud and mighty race, he has none of the false pride of birth which spoils so many otherwise pleasing persons.

"You know what some of these fanatics say about previous existence; that we have all lived in another sphere? Well, perhaps that's what I remember, I cannot say. At any rate, I seem to know of a time when I had a little golden-haired playmate, and yet I am the only child of my parents. This memory has been with me all my life, and also one of a tall, beautiful woman, wearing my mother's face, pushing from her this little golden-haired girl, and the look of sickening horror on the faces of all. When I was fifteen I spoke to my mother about these memories, and she grew very stern; told me I was studying too hard, and that I had better take a trip abroad. She provided an excellent tutor, and we went all over Europe. I happened then to fall in with a couple who had known my mother prior to her marriage with my father, and they said she had been a beautiful widow with a child. They thought the child had golden hair."

The young man paused, and sat for a few minutes looking steadily at the end of his glowing cigar.

Both his companions looked sympathetic. This conversation was doing King good, for it was taking his thoughts away from the memories of a past so perilously sweet. Could a woman dissemble like that and ever be happy again? Could any one tremble at the kisses of a man; shrink from the thought of marriage, and yet be a sin-stained creature, now living in degradation? Oh, could he but find the man who had so wronged her, and his life would not be worth a minute's purchase. If he knew who that foster brother was and where he could be found, and yet had he known, he was then sitting within a hand's touch of the man who had grown up with Clover, Thomas Litchfield.

This charming story of pain and passion will be continued in next week's Ledger, leading the reader to some highly interesting situations. The patterns and cameras advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen are still being forwarded free of charge to all Ledger subscribers.

LIKED HIS "NIP"

Not a Whisky but a Coffee Toper.

Give coffee half a chance and with some people it sets its grip hard and fast. "Up to a couple of years ago," says a business man of Brooklyn, N. Y., "I was as constant a coffee drinker as it was possible to be, indeed my craving for coffee was equal to that of a drunkard for his regular 'nip' and the effect of the coffee drug upon my system was indeed deplorable.

"My skin lacked its natural color, my features were pinched and my nerves were shattered to such an extent as to render me very irritable. I also suffered from palpitation of the heart.

"It was while in this condition I read an article about Postum Food Coffee and concluded to try it. It was not long before Postum had entirely destroyed my raging passion for coffee and in a short time I had entirely given up coffee for delicious Postum.

"The change that followed was so extraordinary I am unable to describe it. Suffice it to say, however, that all my troubles have disappeared. I am my original happy self again and on the whole the soothing and pleasant effects produced by my cup of Postum make me feel as though I have been 'landed at another station.'

"Not long ago I converted one of my friends to Postum and he is now as loud in its praise as I am." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

A Startling Change.

Miss Reader—How strange it would be if fashion should go back to the old time brass knockers, instead of electric bells.

Mr. Sardonique—It would seem strange. The knockers always work.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

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You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cases of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were quickly cured; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 12 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a copy free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., Suite 604. 112 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Youthful Appetite.

"Say, Micky, how'd yer like to have yer dinner tied to yer nose if yer wasn't hungry?"

"Ah, g'wan, I'm allus hungry."

No Appetite

Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take the great alterative and tonic

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SILK 10 Cents A Lot We have a large stock of the best Silk remnants, not the small 3 cornered scraps. Our goods are ALL SILK, large pieces, all colors of the rainbow. Just the right material for making Crazy Quilts, Pin Cushions, Sofa Pillows, etc. Sample lot 10 cents, 3 lots 25 cents. We send a Present with each lot. HAMLIN & CO., 951 Carroll Ave., Dept. S 14 Chicago.

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FREE **THESE BEAUTIFUL RINGS** Given FREE! Solid Gold

finish and set with brilliant that only experts can tell from a Genuine Diamond, or Cluster Ring set with 2 large simulation Rubies and 2 Pearls, being very latest design, square band shape. Earn your choice. Will send four of my large Art Pictures, which you are to sell at the special price of 25 cents. They sell on sight, as they are handsome art productions, 16x20 inches, done in 10 to 17 colors, originals costing $200 to $500. I also send a Handsome Jewelry Novelty in addition to ring. SEND NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. I TRUST YOU and will send pictures, all charges paid, immediately on hearing from you. You can also earn other valuable presents if you dont care for ring.

JOHN RHODES, 834 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

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WHEN MAMMY ROCKS Her Little One to Sleep Words and Music For Piano or Organ. Please Go 'way and Let Me Sleep. The Saint and the Sinner. Go way Back and Sit Down. I Want a Man Like Romeo. Creole Belle. Sally Mine. You are My Queen. Also the greatest song hit of the season, HIAWATHA, and 33 other very latest songs, including Rag Time, Coon, Comic, Sentimental, Love, Waltz, etc., and the great sensation, ROSEY BELLE, or Put Your Chubby Arms Around Me, words and music. To introduce the above we also Send Free our mammoth collection of Minstrel Jokes, selections for autograph album, tricks for conjurers, including Biting Nails in two and How to pass a Cord through a Handkerchief. Learn how to do this and mystify your friends, fully illustrated; also Monologues, (the red hot kind), Guide to Flirtation, together with hundreds of stories, jokes, etc., FUN AND ENTERTAINMENT all whose long and our Mammoth Catalogue of novelties, books, etc., all for only 10 cents; 3 sets 20 cents. Address Trojan Novelty Co., 405 So. Market St., Troy, Ohio.

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FREE **Shawl Fascinator**

Beautiful Hand Knit pattern, Lace Knit Edges, of the very latest and most stylish design, 30x30 in., FREE to any lady selling only 6 of my large Art Pictures at the reduced price of 25 cents each. Every lady can find room in her wardrobe for this handsome and attractive article, which cannot be obtained outside large cities. You can get it Free for selling only 6 pictures, which are no trouble to sell as they are handsome art productions, done in 10 to 17 colors, originals costing $200 to $500. First 6 you meet will gladly take them at 25c to help you win the premium. The Fascinator guaranteed worth many times this small service, but want to introduce my pictures at once. Send No Money in advance. I trust you and will send pictures representing different and beautiful scenes, all charges paid, immediately. H. P. Co., 61 Washington St., Dept. 55 Chicago.

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Exercising Due Caution.

"Dear Cecil!" she said, looking fondly into his eyes. "I am so thrilled since you say you are going to ask papa for me tomorrow."

"Are you, sweetheart? I must hurry away now and catch the train for Cincinnati."

"For Cincinnati? Why in the world are you going to Cincinnati?"

"So I can ask him for you by telegraph."

LIFE SIZE DOLL FREE

2½ Feet High.

Girls, here is a **Great Big Doll**; big enough to wear your outgrown baby dresses, which you can put on and off, button and unbutton, to your heart's desire. It is the most popular doll made. Dollie has an indestructible head, golden hair, rosy cheeks, brown eyes, kid colored body, red stockings, black shoes, and will stand alone. It is an exact reproduction of a hand painted French Doll and will live in your memory long after childhood days have passed. We will give this beautiful doll absolutely Free as a premium for selling only four boxes of our Great Cold and Headache Tablets at 25 cents a box. Write today and we will send Tablets by mail postpaid. When sold send us the money ($1.00) and we will send you this **Life Size Doll** which is **2½ feet high**, and can wear baby's clothes.

EXTRA PREMIUM.

If you send us the money within one week after receiving the Tablets, we will send with the doll, **six Gold plated Ribbon Pins**, as an extra premium for prompt work. We take back all goods not sold. Address,

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Send no money in advance. I trust you and will send pictures at once. When sold remit the dollar collected and **I will send you free** for your trouble your choice of above beautiful rings. *You can earn other premiums* if you do not care for a ring. Write today. **R. C. McGREGOR, Sec., 1255 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago.**

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shoots B. B. shot with great force, and is just the gun for small game or target practice. Barrel is nicely nickeled and stock is of wood with mahogany finish. SENT, ALL PREPAID, to any boy for selling 18 of our beautiful scarf-pins at 10c. each. We trust you. **New England Supply Co, Ledge 84. West Mansfield, Mass.**

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Free Gold Watch

This fully warranted Solid Gold Plated Watch, equal in appearance to a $35.00 Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years, is given FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c. each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch, also a chain for quick work. Write to-day

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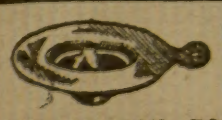

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PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR

It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. Necessary in all cooking where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Price only 10c. for sample.

Agents Wanted. | W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Bad Form.

"It was careless of me to say that I admired Bacon," remarked the young woman with glasses.

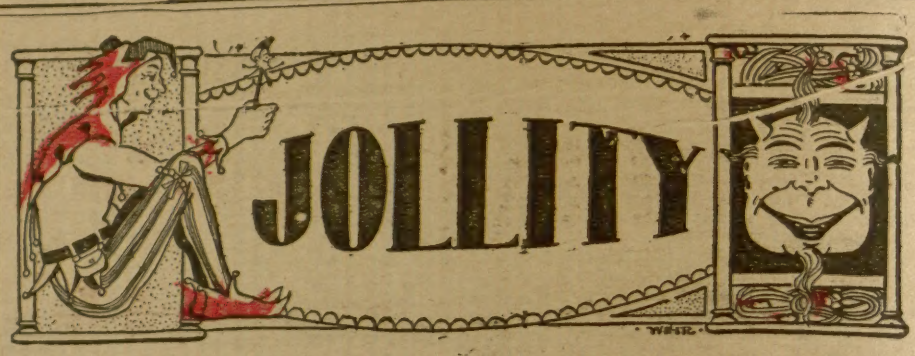
"Did you offend some Shakespearean student?"

"No; it was a Chicago pork-packer. He frigidly remarked that he didn't care to talk shop."

Extremely Deliberate.

"He seems to be rather slow in his movements."

"Yes; he is so deliberate that he never has a smooth face. The beard grows on one side while he is shaving the other."



She—Oh, Captain, isn't it lovely here—the rocky shore with crags and pinnacles crowned with mighty trees, and then, on the side, the water!

He—You bet; that's the way I like water.

The Worm Turns.

"You're forever trying to give the impression that you're a martyr," snapped Mrs. Henpeck. "I suppose you want everybody to think that you suffer in silence?"

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck; "I suffer in the perpetual absence of silence. A little silence would be a positive pleasure to me."

Would Be a Bad Mistake.

A Western congressman was asked if he did not think President Roosevelt certain to be reelected, barring any "big mistake" the candidate might make. "Yes," was the reply, "but let me tell you that the biggest mistake he could possibly make would be to allow the crops to fail next year."

What the Homely Bachelor Says.

"Mamma," asked small Floramay, "what is 'single blessedness?'"

"Single blessedness, my dear," replied the knowing mother, "is a bouquet that a bachelor throws at himself when he wants to marry and can't."

At Her Worst.

Mrs. Benham—Don't you think that baby looks more like mother every day?

Benham—No; I think she looks more like her every night.

Too Much for Good Nature.

"Look at Mr. Meadows," exclaimed the first Jersey suburbanite. "What's the matter with him?"

"The mosquitoes are simply driving him crazy," replied the other.

"Surely, he should be used to mosquitoes by this time."

"Yes; but he insists that they have been humming 'Hiawatha' of late."

A FOOD RESCUE

What a Physician's Wife Found Out.

The wife of a well-known physician of Oakland, Cal., was brought back to health and strength by food alone at a time when she had prepared to die.

She says of her experience: "I am the wife of a physician and have suffered from catarrh of the stomach more than ten years during which time I suffered untold agonies of mind and body, for I could not eat solid food and even liquid foods gave me great distress.

"I was brought at last to confront the crisis of my life. I actually made ready for my departure from friends and husband for I expected to die. When in that state I was induced to try Grape-Nuts and the wonderful effects of this food prove completely that all my trouble was due to improper feeding.

"I began to improve immediately and my weight increased until I have gained 20 pounds since I began the use of Grape-Nuts while my stomach is as sound and well as ever it was and my husband gives all the credit for my wonderful recovery to Grape-Nuts. I have no set time for eating Grape-Nuts but just feast on it whenever I please. I wish I might tell my sisters everywhere of the marvelous health and strength giving, flesh building elements of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Reason Enough.

"I wonder why she decided to get married in Europe?"

"She had such a large circle of friends over here that she didn't wish to invite."

Another Long-Felt Want.

Friend—Working at something new?

Inventor—Yes, sir; greatest thing yet. It's a new patent safety life-preserver, for ferryboats, steamers, etc.

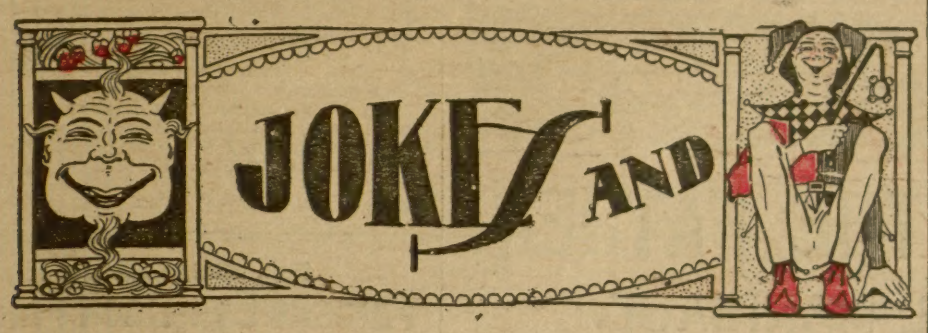
"What's its anvantages over the old kind?"

"The advantage? Why, sir, you may not believe it, but it's so light that if thrown to a person in the water it can hit him without killing him."

She—Well, you know, papa says it isn't quite fair—of course, like all American girls, I want to marry a foreign nobleman, but you see I would give you millions and you would give me nothing.

He—Vat? Donnerwetter! I gif you nothing? I gif you der great name in Shermany, der vonderful name, der name of Von der Schlippenbeck-Zysterlingbuchasterlungh.

She—Yes; it is a good deal to give a girl all at once.



Hard Up, but a Real Gent.

"I'll be honest wid yer, sport," said the beggar, "I wanter buy a drink. Gimme a quarter, will yer?"

"But you don't need a quarter for one drink," replied the sporty gentleman.

"One drink! Why, I'm not de kind of a gent what'll drink at anudder gent's expense an' not ask him to join me."

Entitled to Respect.

"Who's de old guy w'at jist went by?" asked the telegraph messenger.

"De ole guy wid de dinky whiskers?" replied the office boy. "Aw, he's de owner of de paper."

"An' who's de guy wid 'im?"

"Sh! Don't git gay! He ain't no guy; dat's de sportin' editor!"

LEAVE IT TO HIM.

"If Frank should ask me for a kiss, I don't believe I could hold my head up."

"Don't you worry about that. Frank will hold it up for you if he knows his business."

Gave Macauley a Chance.

Henry of Navarre was exhorting his soldiers to follow the white plume.

"But," they protested, "our wives will all want one for their hats."

"I can't help that," replied their stern leader. "Remember, war is war; besides, it would spoil Macauley's poem if you didn't."

Pressing forward to do their duty, they soon made Ivry famous.

His Merit.

Briggs—How can you call Yankem a good dentist? He isn't in his office half the time.

Jiggs—That's just it; he's never in when I call.

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Having It Out.

"I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to the dentist's this instant to have this tooth out."

"Nonsense! Your tooth doesn't ache; it's only your imagination."

"Then I'll have him pull out my imagination."

His Brains Gone.

Edyth—When I refused Charlie night before last, he threatened to blow his brains out.

Mayme—Well, he didn't. He proposed to me last night.

Edyth—Indeed! Then he must have got rid of them in some other way.

Relief in Sight.

"Your salary isn't enough to support my daughter, sir."

"I'm glad you've come to that conclusion so early, sir."

Complexion for Cash.

Doctor—Ah! Out for a constitutional?

She—Yes; I walk two miles before breakfast every morning for my complexion.

Doctor—Is the drug store so far as that?

Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Goodly—My boy, it makes me sick at heart to see you smoking.

Tuffy McNutt—It useter make me sick, too, ma'am, but lower down than me heart.

His Sweetheart's Letter.

A colonel on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drill room, when he came across a couple of soldiers, one of them reading a letter aloud, while the other was listening, and at the same time stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the former.

"You see, Colonel, I'm reading to Atkins—who can't read himself—a letter which has arrived by this afternoon's post from his sweetheart."

"And you, Atkins, what in the world are you doing?"

"Please, Colonel, I am stopping up Murphy's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to hear a single word of what she has written."

A Good Alibi.

"You say," said the State's Attorney, "that on the night of the 15th of September, the time when this crime was committed, you were out riding in the town of Oakville?"

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner, who was trying to set up an alibi.

"Have you any witnesses to prove that you were out riding?"

"Well, I don't know their names, but there must have been ten or twelve gentlemen carrying the rail, while there were a dozen or more walking behind, carrying the tar and feathers."

A Great Truth.

"It is sad," murmured the musing theorizer, "to think that, as a great statesman once said, 'every man has his price.'"

"Yes," admitted the intensely practical worker, "and it is a sad fact that half the time he can't get it."

Where Friendship Ceases.

"That girl with Johnson there—a friend of his, I presume?"

"Nope; used to be, though."

"So? Had a falling out?"

"Not exactly. He married her."

Getting Around a Difficulty.

Ward Worker—No, sir; I'd never sell my vote. I'd——

Candidate—Ah! but won't you rent it to me for a day?

Ward Worker—Well, that's different.

Her Test.

Little Effie—Do you love me very much, mamma?

Mamma (a widow)—Yes, my darling.

Effie—Then why don't you marry the man at the candy store?

What the World Wants.

Chappie—There goes the—ah—man that invented smokeless powdah.

Weary Beauty—I should feel more interested in him if he had invented smokeless cigarettes.

A Friendly Hint.

Percy—Everwy time I call on Miss Wisely I—aw—find her out, doncher know.

Jack—Why don't you call around some time when she isn't expecting you?

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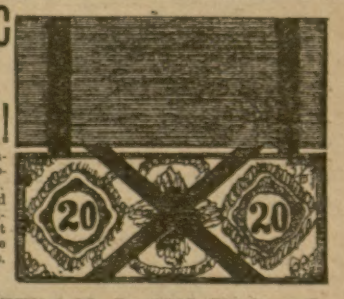

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HARD LUCK TALE.

"It's not much of a story," said the young man nearest the door as he whistled at the sausage, and then took it up daintily in his fingers, "still it shows devotion and it meant a lifetime of happiness to me. All the vows and protestations that could ever have been uttered could not have meant one half as much to me or to her either for that matter. I happened to notice her one evening as she came tripping down the steps from the office on her way home. I worked in a big insurance office in La Salle street. I had seen her there at work behind her typewriter machine, but I had never given her especial notice except to observe that she was unusually pretty and seemed to have such an air of refinement and good breeding.

On this particular evening, when she came tripping down the steps on her way home I noticed that she looked hot and tired. It occurred to me that it would be nice to take her over to some ice cream parlor and buy her some of the frozen sweetness, though I hate the stuff myself. But I knew girls were fond of it, and so I asked her and she assented prettily, and we went over to an ice cream joint in State street, and I ordered two plates of cream, though I cordially detest the stuff myself. I would as soon eat a plate of ipecac or wormwood as ice cream, but to keep her company and make my bluff good, you see I had told her that I was going over after some ice cream and would she come along. I ate my place of cream and then I put her on the car and sent her home.

"I was sick almost all night from the effects of that terrible ice cream, but the next evening I happened to meet the sweet little girl again and once more I had my play about just going over to get some cream and would she go with me, and she said she would. We had another delightful little talk over our ice cream, but again that night I had to pay the penalty.

"This thing kept up for about two months. That thing of being sick every night and not sleeping was breaking me down. The doctors said I was on the verge of a collapse. But by this time I loved the girl so and I could not give up our pleasant little meetings, even though each one made it necessary that I eat a plate of ice cream. It became harder and harder for me to eat that ice cream.

"Talk about eating quail every day for thirty days. Think of eating ice cream every day for two months when you naturally loathed the stuff to begin with.

"On this last night I tried to nibble down the ice cream as usual, but it choked me. I could not have swallowed a spoonful for a thousand dollars in cash. The little girl noticed something was wrong and she leaned over to ask me what it was.

"'Lucy,' I said, 'I am going to tell you the truth. I am a hypocrite of the first magnitude. I am a liar and a deceiver. I hate ice cream, I loathe ice cream. I have been pretending I liked it just because I knew you were fond of it. But I don't. I can't go any further in this deception. I have been eating ice cream every day for two months just to be with you. But I've gone as far as I am able to. Either you must marry me so that we won't have to carry on this ice cream courtship any longer, or else we must part. You must know that I love you or I wouldn't have forced myself to eat a plate of ice cream every day when I knew it meant a night's sickness and remorse if I didn't love you more that I ever loved anything else in the world. But you must never ask me to eat ice cream again, and you must be aware that you are marrying a man who detests the things that you are very fond of.'

"'Harry,' she said, 'I am so glad to hear what you have said. I will tell you the truth. I don't suppose you can detest ice cream as I do. It always made me ill and gave me a headache the next day. But I came here each evening and ate ice cream because I thought you liked it. You know now whether I love you or not.'

"Gentlemen, think of that! Can you find a case of any two people who showed greater devotion? Well, we were married, the only unpleasant incident being the dropping out of the third story window of the caterer who tried to include five gallons of ice cream in the wedding supper."

Another round of beer was ordered and the porter was instructed to bring in plates of hot turtle soup all around while the reformed press agent gave the story of the time he turned in a horse and coupe on an expense bill.

A Difference of Opinion.

"You say I am very extravagant! Why, you know I don't have half the things I want."

"I call you extravagant, my dear, because you don't want half the things you have."

THE SIN OF THE FATHER;

OR, A FATAL MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

Begun in No. 41, Oct. 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ENCOUNTER.

A weary, wayworn man, prematurely aged and haggard, sat on the brink of a precipice, gazing down on the river that glided placidly onward forty feet below him.

"How easy it would be," he mused, "to plunge down into that water and in one moment find peace and rest for my weary soul."

After looking at the water a long time he added:

"And why shouldn't I? Why should I go on, year after year, all my life long, suffering such tortures as I now suffer, and longing for that which I can never have? What use is there in preserving a wrecked and ruined life? What use is there in living when I know I can never again be happy? Why not with one bold plunge end it all?"

A crackling among some bushes behind him caused him to start and look around. He thought at first some one was approaching, but there was nobody in sight, and he concluded the noise had been made by some animal. He resumed his musing.

"There never was a man who led such a life as mine," he thought. "An outcast, and a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth, with nothing to live for and nothing to hope for, and my whole soul filled with bitter regret. And all this I suffer through no fault of my own. It is bitter, it is cruelly hard and unjust, and there would be no sin in ending it."

He arose and stood looking down on the water, and whether or not he meant to make the plunge is not known, for at that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of a voice which came to him from behind a large rock to his right.

"Hands up, and not a whimper out of you," the voice said, "unless you want me to blow your brains out the next instant."

The man standing on the brink of the precipice looked around and saw that it was not he that was being addressed. He waited and listened.

"I guess you remember me, don't you?" the voice asked.

"I do not," another replied.

The man beyond the rock started at the sound of the last voice.

"Surely," he mused, "I know that voice. It is so like—yet it can not be."

"I reckon," went on the first voice, "you remember knocking a man down one time for daring to make love to your mistress back there at——"

"You are a miserable, sneaking, cowardly liar," the other interrupted, "when you dare to utter one word against Armina Blackmore."

The man standing by the precipice gave a moan, placed his hand on his heart, and sank to his seat again.

"You want to be a little careful how you talk," the first speaker said, "for I've got the advantage of you this time, and if you get too saucy I'll give you a dose of lead. You see this pistol is pointed right at your heart, and I could drop you just as easy as not."

"You put that pistol down, Martin Blackmore, and I'll whip you to within an inch of your life."

"Not much I won't put this pistol down. I've got you at my mercy, and I'd be a fool if I didn't keep you there. But as I said, Armina is your mistress, Mr. Marston."

The man by the precipice started up at these words, but suddenly remembering himself, sank back again.

Charlie Marston literally squirmed under the insulting speech of Martin Blackmore, but with a pistol pointing at his heart, and completely unarmed himself, he was utterly powerless to resent it as he would have liked. However, he was free to speak, and notwithstanding Martin's threats he proceeded to relieve his mind in no uncertain terms.

"You are an unprincipled villain," he said. "A dirty, lying hound. You dare to malign and slander that lady when you are not fit to lick the dust off her shoes! Great Heaven! I'll make you smart for those words, and smart dearly at that!"

"I don't think you will, Mr. Marston. No doubt you'd like too well enough, but you're never going to have the chance. You know what I said to you that day when you knocked me down, I suppose? I have remembered those words, and I have waited and waited for a chance to fulfill my threat. And now my chance has come. I followed you here from town, where I happened to see you on the street, and I was careful to get the drop on you before I let my presence be known. And now I am not going to let you get away."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Surely you do not mean to kill me!"

"Why not?"

Marston saw that Martin was in deadly earnest, but he remained calm and collected. There was not a quaver in his voice, not a sign of weakness about him when he said:

"Would you go to the length of committing a murder in retaliation for being knocked down, as you deserved?"

"Not for that alone, perhaps," Blackmore replied, "but there is more."

"What more?"

"Well, you're in my way."

"In your way!"

"Yes; you're very seriously in my way."

"I can't see how."

"I can."

"I wish you would enlighten me, then. I confess that I can't even surmise how I can possibly interfere with you in any manner. Our paths lie too far apart to even cross."

"They have crossed already, haven't they??"

"But there was no necessity for it, and there will be no necessity for it again unless you make it."

"No; you're wrong. There will be no necessity for it again, because I will prevent it. In short, I'll make it impossible by ending your path right here and now."

"But you have not told me how or why I am in your way?"

"You are a friend to Armina Blackmore."

"I am; but what of it?"

"As long as you live you will protect her."

"I will. To the last drop of my blood."

"Well, you see, that don't suit me."

"What is it to you?"

"It's a great deal to me. I intend to make her mine."

"You?"

"Yes; I."

"Why, you onery devil, she despises you worse than she despises a snake."

"I know it; but I don't care for that."

"I believe you. I think you are low and mean enough to take her by force if you could."

"Certainly, I'd take her that way rather than not have her at all. But there's a better way than that."

"You're mistaken. You will never get her except by force."

"That's your opinion. I know better. I will get her by sinking her character so low that she'll be glad enough to seek shelter in anybody's arms. I'll sink her until she won't have a friend left in all the world."

Unable to control himself longer, Marston started forward with clenched hands and set teeth, but was promptly met by the pointed pistol the other held.

"Come one step further and I'll shoot you," Martin Blackmore said.

Marston stood trembling with impotent rage. He was completely at the mercy of the villain, and he knew it, and as much as he longed to tear him limb from limb, he did not dare to touch him.

"If I could just knock your teeth down your dirty, lying throat!" he said, "I would not mind so much to die. But to have to stand here and listen to your slanders on the character of the purest and best woman living, and my promised wife, is too much, and if you're going to kill me, I wish you'd do it."

"Your promised wife! So, then, you had proposed to marry Armina?"

"I had."

"I proposed to marry her once, but she spurned my offer with such contempt that now I have changed my mind. She shall not have even that honor. She shall be my mistress, and feel glad of the chance."

With a cry of rage, and totally unmindful of danger, Marston sprang forward to strike the villain down. In a flash Martin Blackmore leveled his pistol at Marston's heart.

One moment more and murder would have been done.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Marston's life never hung by a slenderer thread than it did at that instant. Martin Blackmore's finger was on the trigger of his weapon and was in the very act of pulling it back, and in one second he would have sent a bullet through Marston's heart.

But just then another man appeared on the scene. It was the man who had been sitting on the brink of the precipice just beyond the large rock.

With one hand this man knocked the pistol up so that the bullet whizzed just over Marston's head, while with the other he dealt Marston Blackmore a blow that sent him sprawling to the earth.

Having accomplished this, he turned, and without speaking a word to Marston walked rapidly away. Marston was so completely dumbfounded, not at what the man had done, but at his appearance, that he made no effort to move or speak, but stood spellbound looking after him.

Martin Blackmore lay perfectly still for a little while, then suddenly sprang to his feet and gave one quick, uneasy glance around. The pistol had fallen from his hand and was lying on the ground between him and Marston. In glancing around his eyes rested on it and he started forward to secure it.

Marston saw what Martin was at, and, arousing himself, he hurriedly snatched the weapon up and turned on Martin to defend himself.

Blackmore, thinking, no doubt, that Marston meant to shoot him, turned to run. Finding the tables turned on him in this way, his cowardice asserted itself and a perfect frenzy of fear seized him.

In his haste to get away he approached the very edge of the precipice. The next moment the earth crumbled beneath his feet and a large chunk of it caved off and went down into the river. Martin Blackmore went with it—went down with it to a sure and sudden death.

Marston was shocked at this unexpected event, and for some time he stood gazing down at the water where Martin had gone. He expected to see Martin come to the surface, either dead or alive, but the disturbed waters grew placid and flowed on in their quiet, peaceful way again, and nothing showed on the surface.

Then he knew that the villain with murder in his heart, had been caught under the fallen earth and buried alive.

With a sigh, half of pity, half of relief, he turned away. Remembering the man who had so opportunely come to his rescue, he looked around for him. He was nowhere in sight.

A few steps away there was a wood

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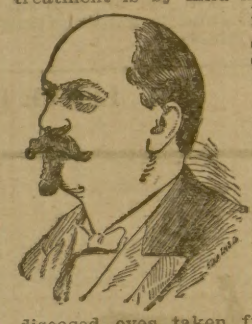

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thickly grown with bushes. Into this the man had disappeared.

"My God! I must find him," Marston said, as he started forward.

He ran to the wood, then stopped and called aloud. He waited and listened breathlessly, but no answer came. He ran on again, then again stopped and called, but still there was no answer.

"Queer," he mused. "He can not have gone beyond the hearing of my voice, yet he does not reply. But, God help me! I must find him. I must, I must!"

He ran into the wood and began to search everywhere. Now and then he stopped to call. For two long hours he kept this up, then, tired and disheartened, he sank down on a log to rest.

"Could it have been a ghost?" he said to himself, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow. "I have never believed in such things, but I am almost persuaded now. It is very nearly as easy to believe in ghosts as it is to believe that that man could have appeared here as he did in the flesh."

He buried his face in his hands, and thought for a long time. The happenings of the last hour had been strange and startling to him, and it required a while for him to collect his mind and realize what it all meant.

That his life had been so unexpectedly saved was a marvel, but it was far less marvelous than the appearance of the man who had saved it.

Then it dawned on him what the appearance of that man meant, and he groaned and grew sick at heart. He saw the one great desire of his life thwarted, and all the fond hopes he had raised suddenly blotted out. He felt that it might have been better if Martin Blackmore had killed him and saved him all the pain and disappointment he saw before him.

Then it was he tried to believe he had seen an apparition. If he could only convince himself of this it would save him a world of present suffering. If it could only be proven true it would remove a dark, brooding sorrow from his whole future.

He arose and paced restlessly back and forth across a little open space. His mind was in a turmoil of dread and uncertainty. He saw a hard, bitter duty before him, and he saw what it would cost him to do it; and on the other hand he saw clearly how that duty could be shirked, and all disappointment avoided.

Yet he did not hesitate or waver. With him a duty was something that could not be escaped. It was something that, no matter what the cost, must be done. Stopping in his walk, he said:

"Though it blasts all my hopes and makes me miserable for all time to come, I must find that man. What is my happiness compared to that of two-others when one of the two is the woman I love better than I love my own life? For her sake I must find him and tell him all."

He struck out through the woods and began another search, and for an hour he tramped about in all directions. But, like his first search, this, too, proved fruitless. The man was gone and he had left no trace of his course.

At last he gave up the hunt and walked slowly back toward town. As he went along he pondered over all that had transpired that day, and it occurred to him as a singular coincidence that he and those other two men should meet alone in that quiet, out-of-the-way country place.

He had gone there to look at some land he owned, and which he had never seen, and Martin Blackmore had followed him. That much was natural and reasonable enough. But how that other man happened to be there at just that particular time was the strange part of it.

And strange and more unaccountable yet, why should that man run away as he had? It is true, there was a reason for this, but Charlie Marston didn't realize it.

When Marston had walked some distance toward town he met a traveler on horseback. He stopped to inquire whether the horseman had met any one going in the way he had come.

"Yes," was the reply, "I passed a man on foot some distance back."

"What kind of looking man was he?" Marston asked.

"Well, he looked a good deal like a sailor. He was comfortably but roughly dressed, haggard and unshaven, and looked to be somewhere near middle-age. I have an idea, though, that he is not so old as he looks, judging by his movements."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"Merely spoke in passing. But what is up. Has he been doing something and are you trying to catch him?"

"No; he's a friend of mine, and I've missed him in some way. Probably I'll see him in town. Good day."

"Good day."

Marston noticed how quickly the horseman's suspicions were aroused, and thought it just as well to say no more. In view of all that had transpired at the river he felt that the less suspicion there was stirred up the better. He knew that under some circumstances a little suspicion goes a long way.

He went on to town, but the hope of meeting the object of his pursuit there was disappointed. The place was small and easily searched, and a few minutes sufficed to convince him that no stranger was there.

He went to his room and studied the matter over thoroughly. The man must be found, and the only question that bothered him was as to how he was to accomplish that purpose. After thinking of many plans which he cast aside as unfeasible, an idea occurred to him. He sprang up in eager excitement and began to pace the floor.

"The very thing," he mused, "and I don't see why I didn't think of it at first. Being alive, and this near Armina, Walter Blackmore will never stop until he has seen her."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CLOUDS LIFT.

"I am expecting Charlie to call tonight, Hester," Armina said.

"I scarcely think he will come," Hester replied.

Armina looked up in surprise.

"Why not?" she asked.

"He has to start on another journey this evening. It is imperative that he should go."

"What is it about, I wonder?"

"It's on account of two of h's best friends. It is a great sacrifice on his part, but he doesn't hesitate to do his duty."

"Did he tell you all that?"

"Yes."

"That seems rather strange, doesn't it?"

"Which?"

"Why, that he should become so communicative with you as to tell you his plans."

"It is a little strange, isn't it?"

"Very strange."

"But not so strange, either, when he should mean for me to tell you."

"Did he mean for you to tell me?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Then why didn't he tell me himself?"

"I didn't ask him. I presume, though, he may have been in a hurry."

Armina shook her head. To her mind Hester's explanations failed to explain. She felt assured that there was something mysterious going on, but she gave up all hope of learning from Hester what it might be. She decided to wait in patience and let events develop themselves.

And she did not have to wait long.

That very evening she went to the garden in the rear of the house where a profusion of rich flowers abounded. She was alone, and sitting in the shade of a lilac bush, listening to the hum of the busy honeybees that came to sip the sweets from the flowers, she fell into a retrospective mood, and her mind went back over the past—back over all her trials and sufferings—back to the happy days with Walter.

"Oh!" she sighed, "if we had only known, so that I might now have Walter with me, how happy we might be. But I can never, never know happiness in this life now. Charlie, no matter how good he is, nor what he does, can never make me a happy wife. No one can lighten my burden of sorrow."

She bowed her head upon her arms and wept. All before her—all about her—had never seemed so dark as at that moment. Notwithstanding Hester's assurances, she had doubts of Marston's ever returning. She could not understand why he should not have told her that he was going away. Her old doubt of him came back and she feared the worst.

While she was sitting so in sad meditation, her heart heavy with sorrow, Hester came out to her. Armina did not see it, but there was a strange, joyful light on the old woman's face, and there were traces of tears in her eyes and on her cheeks, and her poor old form was trembling with emotion.

"Armina," she said, in choked tones, "I have a letter for you. It is from Charlie Marston."

Then Armina noticed the change in Hester but she said nothing. She held out her hand for the letter, feeling assured that Marston had written asking to have the engagement broken. She hesitated to break the seal until Hester urged her, then with trembling fingers she tore open the envelope. She glanced over the letter, then read it carefully, and read it again.

"Hester," she said, at last, "what does it mean?"

"How can I tell what it means," Hester replied, "unless I know what it says?"

"I'll read it to you. Listen:

"'This afternoon I told Hester that I would make you the happiest wife in the world. I have kept my word. Soon after you have read this you will understand all. God bless you. And forever good-by.'

"Hester, I can't comprehend it. What does it mean? How can he make me a happy wife when he bids me good-by forever?"

"Oh, Armina, my blessed child!" Hester cried, suddenly dropping on her knees and throwing her arms about the poor perplexed woman. "Oh, don't you know? Can't you see what he means?"

"No, no," Armina replied, still more puzzled by Hester's queer conduct, for the faithful old creature was laughing and crying and acting like a person altogether bereft of reason. "How can I understand, Hester?"

"Could you be happy if you were Marston's wife?" Hester asked.

"No; I have told you I couldn't."

"Could you be happy with any man except Walter?"

"No, no; never!"

"Then that is what Marston means, Armina. He knows you could never be happy as the wife of any man save Walter, and he means to make you happy."

"Hester, in the name of Heaven, what is it you say? How can that be, when Walter is dead?"

"My child," Hester said, "do you believe Walter is dead?"

"Do I believe——" suddenly Armina left off and springing to her feet, looked eagerly around. "Hester," she said, "don't torment me. If Walter is living, tell me so. And he is. I know he is. You know all about it, Hester. Tell me quick! Oh, God! Walter lives!"

"Be calm," Hester admonished.

"Walter lives!"

"Yes, Walter lives. Be quiet and before a great while you shall see him."

"Where is he, Hester, and when shall I see him? Tell me all about it, quick!"

"Well, in the first place, when the ship burned Walter escaped and was picked up by another boat and carried ashore. After that he wandered from place to place, until one day not long since he saved Marston's life when Martin Blackmore would have taken it. Then he came here and Marston followed him, to tell him that you are not his sister. It was only today that Marston found an opportunity of speaking with Walter, so that he could tell him the truth and send him to you."

Armina was silent a moment, then she cried:

"Then Walter is here! Where is he? Take me to him, quick!"

That moment some bushes near them parted and Walter stepped out with open arms. With a little glad cry Armina ran to meet him and the next instant she was folded to his breast.

In that moment they both forgot all they had suffered, and they felt that there never were two people who were blessed with such happiness.

Hester, her eyes wet with tears and her old heart overflowing with joy, stole quietly away and left the lovers alone to enjoy their sweet bliss undisturbed.

It was no wonder Hester and Armina had not recognized Walter, for he had disguised himself most completely.

The next day George Blackmore came down to make another effort to induce Armina to marry Martin, of whose death he had not heard. He thought perhaps the lies he had set afloat had worked to such good advantage that Armina would be desperate enough to jump at his offer. He had just made a statement to that effect to Armina, whom he had found in the room alone, when Walter came in. Armina told Walter what George had said, and Walter replied:

"As Armina has one husband she can not very well accede to your request, but I am very glad you came, for all that. It saves me the trouble of going to you."

"Why, who are you, and what business have you with me?" George asked.

"I am Walter Blackmore, the son of John Blackmore, and my business with you is to

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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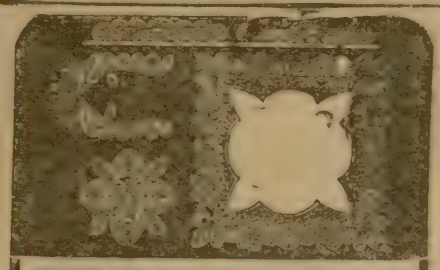

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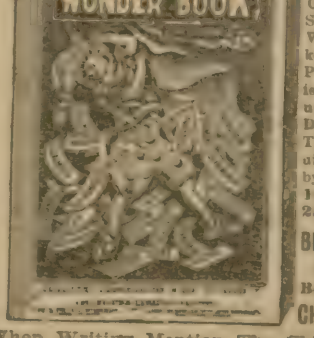

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THE SUNKEN CANNON;

Or, HOW SAM PARKER MADE GOOD.

BY ORLANDO R. MORA.

CHAPTER I.

A BOY TO BE WATCHED.

"Say, you, Sam Parker, what d'ye think o' that yougster down thar packin' shingles? I've been watchin' 'im, an' it 'pears to me he's a purty peart chap."

"That he is, Zeb Tunker—that he is, an' I reckon he's a boy to look out for. I've been studyin' him the last sev'ral years."

"Ye don't think he's b-a-a-d, do ye, Sam?"

"Wall, not exactly bad in the Sunday School sense, but a leetle too active mentally to be let go without watchin'. He used to hide down under the mill an' read books, but I keep him too busy for that nowadays."

"Oh, I see; ye reckon as how he's too smart for ye. That it?"

"Yes—that's it. He's too swift in his mind. Old ways ain't his ways and some o' his new ways is too far advanced fer us." Mr. Parker emphasized this assertion by clapping his hands together.

"I guess yer a thinkin' o' some o' them inventions an' contrivances o' his'n," said Tunker.

"Yes, I be."

"But they've all worked out well, Sam. They have, certain."

"Y-e-e-s," grunted Parker, grudgingly; "but, ye see, we don't want everythin' so tarnation new that we're afraid of it. We don't want no kid like Lem Shelton a rushin' the world round too fast fer us. Fust place, it's imperdent, an' the next place, it sorter takes our breath. Sech a lad must be discouraged or he'll make some mistake some day and git the 'arth to revolvin' wrong way, and then we'll all git jounced, maybe fired off inter space. You don't see Sam Parker monkeyin' 'round none o' Lem Shelton's contraptions till they've been proved safe as an old cow."

"But," persisted Tunker, "that scheme for countin' shingles is a good one, ain't it?"

"Umph!"

"Saves times, don't it?" persisted Tunker.

"Y-e-s."

"Saves money, don't it?"

"Y-e-s."

"Wall, what more could it do?"

"Oh, it's all right."

"So I think."

"Wall, nevertheless, sech a boy ought ter be kept under," declared Parker, doggedly.

"But that can't be did. What's in the kid has to come out, no matter who gits the gripes over it," said the boy's champion. "Sich boys is made to raise."

"Yes; to raise cain!" exclaimed Parker, impatiently. "I tell ye, Zeb, sech boys ought ter be curbed. They is too tarnation fresh and sassy; that's what I say."

"But Lem ain't a sassy boy—leastways, not very sassy."

"Not in a sense. But in a sense he is. Keep all sech down."

"Who did he ever sass?" asked Tunker.

"I never heard him sass no man."

"Wall, I've heard 'im sass a man and a mighty prominent man, too," shouted Parker.

"Will ye be so kind as to name him?" asked Tunker.

"The man was yours truly, Samuel Parker, Esq., ex-road commissioner an' school director o' Lam's Township, an' now fillin' the office o' tax assessor—Samuel Parker, Esq., that runs this 'ere mill an' keeps this part o' the kentry advancin'—that's who that ornery, pesticatin' kid sassed."

"Oh!"

"Yes—fer a fact."

"An' what did 'e say to ye, Sam?" whispered Zeb Tunker, as if expecting an important revelation.

"He said I was behind the times."

"That all?"

"No."

"What else?"

"He said I'd never catch up with the times, nohow."

"That all?"

"No."

"What else?"

"He said I'd be walkin' long after every one else was givin' an' if I was ever enterprisin' enough to git to Heaven an' they offered me a harp I'd make 'em all laugh hollerin' fer an accordion."

"That was kinder so-so, Parker," assented Tunker, tipping his head to one side as some judges do when about to deliver weighty opinions. "That was sort o' brash. But what called it forth?"

"Wall, he said I was way back o' the day with my ferry riggin', an' tried to git me to listen to some silly scheme fer a bridge that he said wouldn't cost much. Wouldn't cost much, indeed. Don't I know what bridges cost? Hain't I been a public official? Hain't I helped build a couple o' county bridges, or did I simply survey cowpaths? How is it?"

"I reckon ye did, Sam," replied Tunker, ambiguously. "But what kind of a bridge was Lem a talkin' about?"

"Don't know. I wouldn't listen to 'im."

"Then how d'ye know it was any fool scheme?"

"'Cause—what does that kid know about buildin' bridges?"

"I dunno."

"An' if he knowed a lot about it, wouldn't he know that nobody could build bridges for nothin', or next to nothin'?"

"I dunno. Maybe he's got a plan."

"I s'pose ye consider that feller a mighty smart chap, Zeb?" said Parker, ill-naturedly.

"Yes; I do."

"An' ye think he can do most anything?"

"Yes."

"But ye don't think he could do no impossible thing—nothin' that couldn't be done by Benjamin Franklin, or Dan Rice, or Old Hickory, or any of them other big men?"

"No; I don't."

"Neither do I, Zeb Tunker, neither do I," blurted out Parker, dryly. "Besides, if the kid could build a bridge cheap, what 'ud become o' my ferry? Why should existin' institutions be tore down fer new-fangled notions, 'specially if I have to lose money by the operation?"

Zeb Tunker laughed.

CHAPTER II.

LEM'S DRIVER AND HIS FRIEND.

Lem Shelton, who, unknown to himself, was the subject of the conversation just recorded, was packing shingles in the "shingle room" on the ground floor of the "Neoga Mill," a water-power saw-mill in the Neoga Valley, in Pennsylvania, about two miles above the confluence of the Neoga and Tionesqua Rivers. Right above him, in the saw-mill proper, were Sam Parker and Zeb Tunker, the operator and the superintendent of the mill. It was evident that Parker stood a little in fear of the boy, for certain reasons, and that, for the same reasons, Tunker admired him.

Lem was about sixteen years old. He was small for his age, but wiry and tough as a mustang. His dark face, lighted by bold, black eyes that looked one full in the face, was frank and had a certain "knowingness" of expression that rendered it very attractive. The boy had an aggressive appearance that bespoke his ability to take care of himself, but he was not at all given to boasting nor much to talking simply for talk's sake. He asked questions sometimes, and some of them were confounding to older men to whom they were propounded. At other times he made practical suggestions that were surprising, coming from one so young and inexperienced, and he had been known to devise and introduce new ways and improvements on old ways of doing things that not only facilitated but greatly increased the productiveness of such work as he had in hand. By a system of counting shingles in process of "packing" or "bunching," he had increased his efficiency at such labor by about forty per cent, and Sam Parker, his employer, had not increased his pay by even one per cent. He had suggested or made other profitable improvements about the mill that had, directly or indirectly put money in Parker's pockets, and Parker had not so much as thanked him. He had shown a willingness to work early and late for Parker's interest and the mill operator had repaid him with harsh words and with unmerited fault-finding.

It was known that the lad's name was Lemuel Shelton, and little more was known about him—nothing about his antecedents. Sim Bunty, Parker's brother-in-law, had taken the boy from an orphan asylum, a mere infant, and dying when Lem was five years old, had left the child to the not too tender mercies of Parker. Mrs. Bunty had died two years earlier. There was only one known link between Lem's known life and his brief unknown life. That was a gold chain of peculiar construction which had come along with him from the asylum and which Parker, having appropriated, wore on Sundays and holidays as a watch chain. It had been so long since Lem had said anything about this relic that Parker had begun to think the boy had forgotten that it was his and not his guardian's. The word guardian is used here in its colloquial, not in its legal sense, for Parker had never thought it worth his while to go to the trouble of adopting Lem according to law.

"What's the use?" he had sometimes asked his wife, "Lizy." "The kid's willin' enough an' we'll git out of him all thar is in 'im without puttin' ourselves out no sich way. Consequently we'll be in shape to leave all we can git together afore we die to our own flesh-an'-blood child—Bennie. Let Lem go right on schemin' an' inventin' an' by-'n-by we'll switch all the benefits of his gigantic genius over to Bennie. Bennie's a good enough boy, Lizy, but he hain't no genius."

"No, Sam; our Bennie hain't no genius, I do reckon, an' I don't think he's a very good boy, either, spite o' yer callin' 'im so," Mrs. Parker had replied. "Why, Sam, Bennie hain't as good a boy as Lem, noways you can look at it."

"Humph! Ye expect too much o' Bennie, Lizy."

"Perhaps I do, considerin' who's his father," was Mrs. Parker's last rejoinder. "Seems to me you expect a good deal o' Lem, Samuel Parker."

"No more'n 's right, I guess. You see, Lizy, Lem's a willin' boy."

"Yes; an' you're too willin' to have him willin'. I warn ye, Sam, that boy hain't a-goin' to stand everything from you forever. Some time he's going to do something to surprise you, Samuel."

When his better half said this, Parker usually grunted and shook his head, but said nothing. Lizy's words of warning did not signify much to him.

"Pshaw!" he would say to himself, "Lem hain't never goin' to kick over the traces. He's an easy-goin' sort of a boy, only a leetle mite sassy, that's all, an' I'll git that

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LUCKY "7" PUZZLE

$1000 TO OUR LUCKY READERS FREE!

In the square below are a lot of figure 7s. They are all jumbled up and mixed together so that they are hard to count. The idea of the puzzle is to count the number of figures in the square. Every reader of this paper has a chance to win a prize. We know that very few persons will count the exact number, but we not only give prizes to the person who counts correctly but also to 1244 other persons who come nearest to the correct number. With this number of chances every person who answers this offer has a chance to get a prize. The person who counts the exact number of figures in the square gets $200, the person who comes the nearest gets $100, the next $50, the next $20, the next $10, and the next 1240 persons in the contest get presents, the average value of these presents is 50 cents each.

In case two or more persons are tied for one prize then the prize is equally divided. There is no guess work in this puzzle. It is simply a test of your ability to count figures correctly. Every figure is shown plainly but the figures are mixed up so that it takes a lot of patience and care in order to count them correctly. This contest closes Thursday evening, December 31st, at 5 p. m., and no answers sent after that time will be counted.

The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD have a paid capital of $1,000,000. We own our own paper mill, printing plant, and twelve-story office building. We always do exactly as we agree, and in dealing with us you are dealing with one of the largest and oldest publishing houses in Chicago.

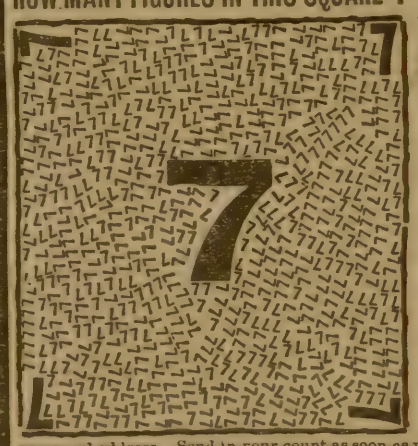
The Lucky "7" puzzle is to advertise the WOMAN'S WORLD which already has a circulation of over 800,000 copies each month. The subscription price is only 25 cents a year. The magazine is printed on book paper, profusely illustrated in colors. It has a lot of information and departments, dramatic news, household hints, puzzles, fashions, young folks' departments and splendid stories by prominent writers. We want to reach the million mark as soon as possible, and the low subscription price of 25 cents a year is an inducement that makes it possible for everyone to subscribe and get the best monthly in the world for the price.

Every one entering this contest must send in 25 cents for a year's subscription, which entitles you to register one count in the contest. Or if you send 50 cents you will get four year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD and be entitled to four counts. If you are already a subscriber you may enter the contest just the same, and your new subscription will be added to your present subscription. You can also get your friends to subscribe and increase your number of chances to win prize

By next nearest we mean the next nearest above or below the correct number. In case one person should send in a count of one more than actually correct and another sent in a count of one less than actually correct they would tie for the prize of next nearest, and so on with the next nearest. A tie for the prize means the prize will be divided equally among those who are tied for the prize.

The counts must be filled in on the blanks below. Write your count plainly, also your name and address. Send in your count as soon as you have made it. You may send in as many as you pay for according to the offer.

HOW MANY FIGURES IN THIS SQUARE ?



CONDITIONS.—Each person must count the number of 7s in this square and fill in the count in the proper space. For example, you will fill in "1st count 726," and if you send in four counts fill in the other spaces in the blank. No person employed by the WOMAN'S WORLD, or any resident of the city of Chicago is allowed to compete for the prizes. No one knows the number of 7s in the square. The count will not be made until after the first of January, 1904, when the figures will be counted by a committee and the correct answer will be given. Then all the counts sent in by subscribers will be compared and the prizes awarded. The paper and receipt will be sent as soon as possible. Remember that it takes some time to properly enter subscriptions, and to take care of the large mail we receive daily, so if you do not hear from us at once do not be alarmed. No counts will be changed after they are received by us. Remit by Post-office or Express order, or registered letter. Counts must be in our office before 5 p. m., December 31st, 1903. If you send 25 cents write your count in the first space. If you send 50 cents write a count in each of the four spaces. Twenty-five cents entitles you to one year's subscription and one count; 50 cents entitles you to four years' subscription and four counts. If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended. The subscription blank is made so that you can answer either for one or four counts. Cross out the word "four" if you send one count, or cross out the word "one" if you send four counts. Extra blanks will be furnished free upon request. Remember we are a responsible concern and that the prizes will be faithfully awarded; also remember there is no guess work about the matter. It is simply a test of patience and correctness.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

Each person answering this contest must fill in the blank below and state the number of figures in the square.

1 Prize for correct answer	$200
1 Prize for nearest correct answer	100
1 Prize next nearest	50
1 Prize next nearest	20
1 Prize next nearest	10
1240 Prizes of presents average value each 50 cts.	620
1245 Prizes amounting to	$1000

In case two or more persons send the same count and are entitled to a prize then the amount of the prize is divided equally.

Fill Out This Subscription and Count Blank.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Building, Chicago:

Enclosed find 25 cents / 50 cents for one / four year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD, which entitles me to one count / four counts in your Lucky "7" Puzzle contest. I register my one count / four counts in the blank below. Yours truly,

Name.....

Street, P. O., or Rural Route.....

Town.....

State.....

1st Count.	2nd Count.	3rd Count.	4th Count.

NOTE.—Simply write in your count in figures.

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out of 'im ef I have to whale it out, trust me fer that."

As he stood in the mill that day talking with Zeb Tunker, Sam Parker towered more than a foot higher than his companion. Parker was six-feet-four, and Tunker was only five-feet-three. Parker was gangling and raw-boned and big-fisted; Tunker was small-boned, plump and soft-looking, with small flands and feet. Parker was the embodiment of physical force and brutal strength. Tunker was a reasoner and a persuader. Parker believed only in the right of might, Tunker believed in an overruling Providence. Parker believed that his word was the only law, and Tunker knew that there was a law that in time would overcome all the workings of Parker's. Somehow, Parker recognized a moral force in Tunker that was not to be trifled with. He respected his superintendent and deferred to his opinion in many things. Tunker did not expect ever to see Parker become better and kinder by his own volition, but he expected one day to see him conquered. Tunker was Lem's friend and admirer.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLE IN THE SHINGLE ROOM.

"I don't see how you could lose anythin' on the bridge scheme accordin' to your way of figgerin' on Lem," remarked Tunker, after a brief pause.

"Why so?"

"Well, you figger on Lem just as you do on yer wife—what's his is yours an' what's yours is your own."

"So? But, ye see, Lem is gittin' a big boy now. By the time he got the bridge done an' ready to operate he might nail a Declaration o' Independence on my door, an' then ye see my ferry would be busted an' I wouldn't git a shillin' out o' the bridge."

"That's so," said Tunker, thoughtfully. "Yer a leetle more calc'latin' than I am, Sam—yer allus a lookin' ahead. What kind of a plan for a bridge has Lem got, anyhow?"

"Ye'll have to ask him, Zeb. He tried to talk with me about it, but 'twas too kind o' squantipuckerin' for me, an' so I wouldn't lis'n to 'im. Prob'ly it's some good, an' ag'in prob'ly it ain't." Between these diametrically contradictory propositions, Sam shifted a large quid of plug tobacco from one cheek to the other. When he had spoken he bathed a clean yellow pine board that lay at his feet in a copious tempest of tobacco spit which Zeb Tunker dodged with some difficulty.

"Do you really think so?" asked Tunker.

"Yes, I do, by jehuliky!"

"Nothin' like havin' a strong opinion about matters an' things," said Zeb, smiling.

"That's so," answered Parker, "I'm a man that's much sot in his ways. My ways is best, Zeb. No man that don't think his ways is best can hope to git along the road to fortun'. I'm follerin' my own nose, not anybody else's, an' I'm gittin' up in the world. I bought this mill o' Giles Tubbs ten years ago. I've paid for it an' wife's got a little farm an' I'd have more'n two hundred dollars ahead if it wasn't for that patent right man that sold me the gate, an' that chap in New York that sent me that box o' sawdust an' some other sharks. Say, Zeb, what d'ye reckon he thought I wanted of that sawdust with all these little hills an' mountains o' sawdust all about an' the Cayoga just a runnin' yaller with it from the mills further up the river? Besides, Zeb, whar could he find sawdust in New York? I don't s'pose thar's any sawmills on Broadway, do yew?"

"Wall, no," said Zeb, thoughtfully, "likely not on the Broadway street, but thar may be sawmills on the Bowery. My cousin Jack Geezer, that traveled with the circus, says there's all kinds o' things on the Bowery. Why not sawmills, Sam? Why not?"

"Yes; why not?" Parker was thoughtful. "I've heern the Bowery had the right bower on one side an' the left bower on the other side, an' was just catter-cornered from one o' the Five P'ints, but I don't know which one. Why, Zeb, New York must be a queer kind o' place. We have only three p'ints o' the compass here—no, I mean four; but the west don't count for much, on account o' the hills bein' so clost. They say it's wuss'n a circus in New York ev'ry day, an' some o' the popilation is pikin' 'round all night, goin' to theaters an' balls 'n' likely tendin' political meetin's. Must be awful dissipatin' on the constitution. Why, when they have celebrations down to Larnsville an' I go to 'em I ain't good for anythin' fer more'n half o' next day. Lizy 'lows it's 'cause I eat so much cheese 'n' card gingerbread an' strain my cygastobobulous a hollerin' so much."

"Say, Sam Parker," exclaimed Tunker, "you do hurrah an' take on ridick'lis when the band plays. Seems to me sometimes you beat Bucky Dan Taylor, an', Sam, Bucky Dan is actilly a caution."

"So he is."

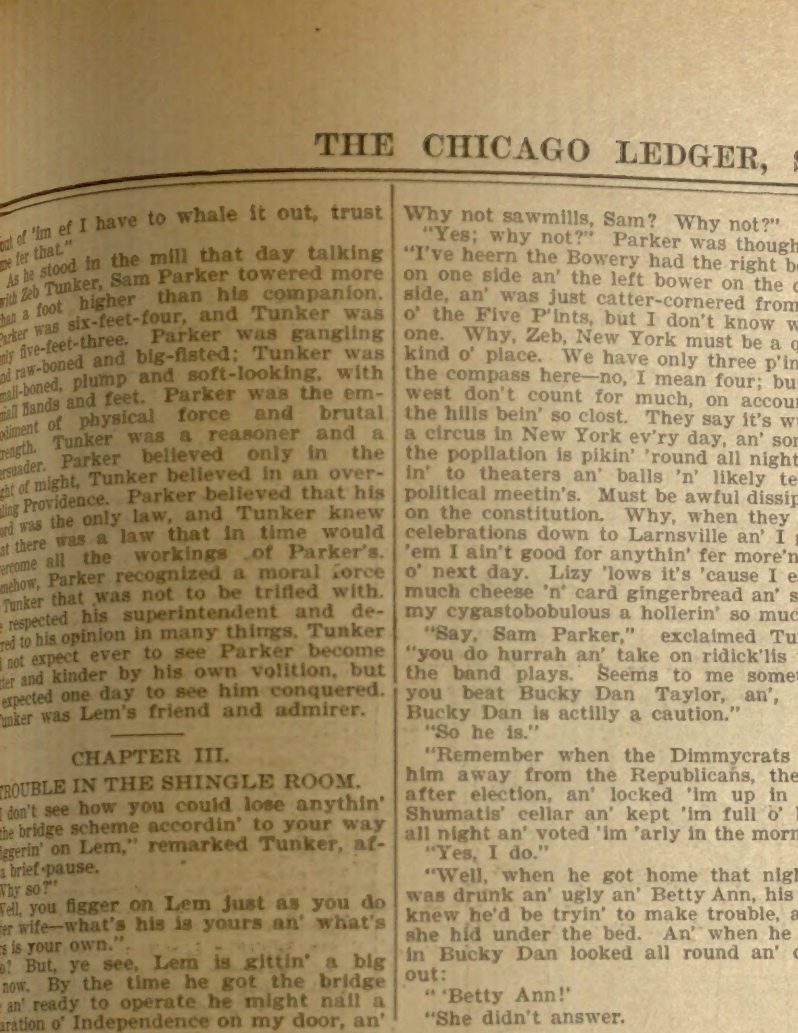
"Remember when the Dimmycrats stole him away from the Republicans, the day after election, an' locked 'im up in Bob Shumatis' cellar an' kept 'im full o' booze all night an' voted 'im 'arly in the mornin'?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, when he got home that night he was drunk an' ugly an' Betty Ann, his wife, knew he'd be tryin' to make trouble, an' so she hid under the bed. An' when he went in Bucky Dan looked all round an' called out:

"'Betty Ann!'

"She didn't answer.



"That rope is in my charge and you won't get it."

"'Betty Ann! Betty Ann!' he hollered ag'in.

"No answer.

"'Betty Ann!' Bucky Dan he yelled a third time. Then Betty Ann knew he was wantin' to see 'er, an' so she squeaked:

"'Under the bed, Bucky Dan; under the bed, jist restin'.'

"'Betty Ann!' hollered Bucky Dan, 'I want ye to come out from under that bed so I can lick ye. If ye don't come out, I'll lick ye anyway.'

"Bucky Dan tried to move the bed to git 'er out an' fell down on the floor an' went to sleep an' when he woke up she was a singin', 'All thy ways is ways o' pleasantness an' thy paths is paths o' peace,' an' a-mixin' him a good stiff toddy in a fruit jar, an' when he'd got round that he was ready to sleep ag'in. So she managed him for a day or two till he got sick an' then old Doc Barling was sent for, an' bled 'im an' dosed 'im till he wasn't thinkin' no more about lickin' Betty Ann, an' so she was safe till next time."

"Yes; I've heard that all," replied Sam Parker. "Now, what in thunderation's that boy a'doin' down thar in the shingle room? Seems to be havin' trouble with some one. I don't reckon they'll git the best o' him much, though."

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE POLITICS.

Down in the shingle room Lem was confronting a burly, rough-looking man, who evidently was not there for any good purpose.

"No, you don't, Bill Brand!" the boy shouted, making a belligerent demonstration with his fists that made the man smile. "No, you don't! You've no right to that raftin' rope, and ye won't get it!"

Bill Brand was a determined-looking man of fifty, nearly six feet tall and with an expression of countenance that was anything but pleasant. His face was dark and deeply creased, his eyes were greenish blue,

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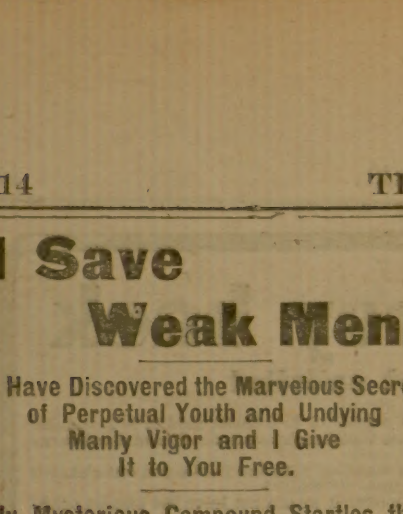

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Send me no money. It is my duty, guided by an Unseen Hand—it is my mission on earth—my life work—to lift up the fallen, heal the weak and cure the maimed or undeveloped; and to every man who has lost his vital power or finds it waning, I send my message of love and peace and health. I can save him and I will save him and restore him to many years of happiness and the impetuous vitality and vigorous manhood of perfect health and youth.

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his nose was big and hooked and red, his cheeks were sunken and sallow, his mouth was wide, sharply defined and cruel, his chin pointed and protruding. In spite of his smile, he was an ugly-looking customer.

"But that raftin' rope's mine, my good boy, an' I want it, and I am after it. Understand?"

As he spoke, Bill Brand unbuttoned his lumberman's blouse of blue drilling and hitched up his baggy and dirty overalls of the same material.

"Well," replied Lem, determinedly, "you won't git it, nohow. Now, don't you go to threatenin' me or I'll holler for Sam Parker, an' if he gits down on ye, ye won't ever git another day's work in the mill, on the river, or in the woods, so far as the Neoga Mill is concerned, an' ye know you've made a good part o' yer livin' right round here for some years."

"I'm a pilot, Lem."

"Yes; but pilotin' lumber rafts just at flood-time ain't no stiddy b's'ness, an' ye know it."

Bill saw that, in a way, he was "putting his foot in it," as an old saying has it, and as another old saying would express it, he "took water." In other words he adopted a more conciliatory tone toward Lem.

"Say Lem," he said, wheedlingly, "I do want that raftin' rope, an' I want it bad."

"Well," answered Lem, exasperatingly, "it's bad enough, goodness knows. You sold it to Parker for pretty near new an' it's about done for."

"'Twas purty near a new rope—that's jest what I said 'twas. For two months afore I let Parker have it it was right next to a new one. I'm careful what I say, I am, an' no one don't catch me in no lie if they stick to the speerit o' my language. Ev'rything's in the 'terpretation."

"Well, the rope now belongs to Parker, an' I'm lookin 'out for Parker's interests, an' you can't git it, nohow," declared Lem, "and that is the end of it."

"Now, Lem, let me tell ye. Of course, I had to let on to sell the rope to Parker, but Parker owed me all the time, though he denies the account. It's right for me to have it back. I wasn't here to steal it, nohow—jist to seize it in the name o' right, an' right's right any time an' place. You know Sam Parker don't always deal square with folks, Lem—you know it."

"I know I ain't no judge an' jury," answered Lem, planting himself more firmly in Bill Brand's path, "an' I know if I was both of 'em together Sam Parker ain't on trial before me today. Neither are you, Bill, but that rope there's in my charge as long as I'm here in the shingle room, an' you won't get it unless Parker says so."

"Say, Lem, I'll send ye to the circus at Larnsville in about two weeks. I'm goin' to have two tickets for gettin' my sister to let 'em put their tent on her lot up by the Walnut Grove. I'm 'quainted with a circus chap, too—long time. I'll take you in an' you'll see it all if you'll jist take a walk about two minutes or less an' let me git out o' here with that raftin' rope."

Lem shook his head.

"I mean the sideshow, too," Bill went on, temptingly.

Again Lem shook his head.

"I mean the concert, too."

"No."

"And lemonade."

"No."

"And peanuts till yer pants is tdo tight."

"No; not if you wus to give me the whole show."

"Yer a queer boy, Lem."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, I do—honestly."

"I'm glad if you have at least one honest thought, Bill," said Lem. "It's good for ye. Go along now, for ye won't git the rope, an' that's all of it."

"Let me tell ye what I want it for," pursued Bill.

"Tell Sam Parker."

"That 'ud never do," declared Brand, "'cause Sam's a dimmycrat."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"That's what I want to tell ye about—'tween Republicans, ye see."

It was plain to Brand that he had succeeded in exciting the boy's curiosity, if he had made no further headway against his uncompromisingly honest spirit, and he resolved to make the most of the small advantage he had gained.

"Well, Lem," he said, impressively, "I'm appealin' to yer patriotism. 'Tain't no mere matter o' ownin' a raftin' rope or lettin' some other man own it, that is, with me. It's an ee-pluribus union case—that's what it is! Four years ago, when the Republicans 'lected a president, the town cannon was made away with by the Dimmycrats so we couldn't celebrate. No one's seen it since, but I've found it. Hear, Lem," he whispered, "while I was fishin' I found it in the river, an' I want the rope to git it out with so we can have it to fire off this fall when we're a-goin' to 'lect another president. Now, Lem, I ask ye as a Republican for that rope. Yer party has more claim on ye than old Dimmycrat Parker."

Lem did not reply. It was evident to Brand that the boy was thinking. The man hoped the seed he had sown would yield him good fruit.

"What d'ye say, Lem?" he asked, at length.

"I'd like to do anything I could to beat the Democrats, Bill," he said. "It 'ud be real fun for me."

"So 'twould, Lem. So 'twill—I know that—it'll be rare fun, Lem."

"I'll help ye git the cannon out o' the river, Bill," said Lem.

"I know'd ye would. You're the right stuff, boy. Now, give me the rope, an' be quick about it."

"If Lem does that," gritted Sam Parker, who was watching the two from behind a pile of shingles, "I'll lick 'im within an inch of his life, an' then I'll lick 'im the other inch!"

This thrilling story of youthful adventures will be continued next week. Our patterns and cameras are free to all subscribers. Please note our announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

"Give me an illustration of broken English," said the teacher.

"The ten commandments," piped a shrill voice from the tail of the class.

No Good.

Bertie—Did you hear my rich uncle was dead?

Gussie—No; what did he leave you?

Bertie—Nothing.

Gussie—Well, what's the good of his being dead?

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

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No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 202 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Ideas of "Voice".

She—He was such a good singer. Has he a voice now?

He—Oh, yes; he leads the rooting at our college games.

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The following letter from a Washing Machine Manufacturer speaks for itself:

Dear Editor—If any of your readers are suffering from lost manhood, debilitating drains, run down or abused vital organs, sexual weakness, etc., and want a sure, quick cure, tell them to write to me and I will gladly send them a free prescription with full directions for a home treatment in plain, sealed envelope—one that I know will do the work. There is no charge whatever—just tell them to write me in confidence and I will show them how to avoid scheming medical quacks and regain their health without personal embarrassment. Yours respectfully, THOMAS BRADFORD, 415 Bradford Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Other papers please copy.

Pointed Paragraphs.

There are times when a mustard plaster is a man's best bosom friend.

A widow doesn't care a rap who a man's first love was if she's his last.

A Box of Ovacone Free

To every woman suffering from Leucorrhea, Irregularities, Unnatural Discharges, Bearing Down Pains, or any kind of female troubles or weaknesses, simply send your name and address and we will send by return mail, free, a box of Ovacone. Northern Institute of Medicine (G), Grand Rapids, Mich.

Not Guilty.

"Like the rest of my sex," said the mermaid, "I suppose I open my mouth a good deal, but——"

"But what?" interrupted the lobster.

"I never put my foot in it," continued the belle of the sea, as she plunged into the surf.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me none month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. I have nothing to sell. This is a case of woman helping woman. I send it Free. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut-South Bend, Ind.

Could Not Hear for the Noise.

"Don't you hear the bells summoning you to church?" asked an indignant country clergyman of a fisherman whom he met on his way to church. The wayward angler put an inquiring hand to his ear. Encouraged, the clergyman repeated the question. But once again the fisherman asked for a repetition, and then again, and even yet again. Flushing from overmuch bawling, the parson was about to proceed on his way when the fisherman spoke. "Very sorry, mister," he said, "but those bells make such a hell of a clatter that I can't hear a word you say."

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The Sin of the Father.

(Continued from page eleven.)

trouble you for possession of my property. That is all, and now you can go. Were it not that you, though unintentionally, have been the means of making Armina and I the happiest couple on earth, by discovering to us that we are not brother and sister, I would kick you into the street. As it is, I will spare you. Go!"

George Blackmore, completely crestfallen, sneaked away, bearing in his heart the pain of the bitterest disappointment of his life. He had come with the air of a mighty conqueror to dictate terms to Armina, and he went away abjectly vanquished, having by his unprincipled chicanery overreached himself and lost all.

In due time Walter came into possession of his father's old home, and he and Armina went back there to live and find rest after the tempest-tossed years that had passed. The faithful old Hester went with them, and she found as much pleasure in the happiness of "her children" as they did.

Two years later Charlie Marston married a lovely Northern woman, and came to Mobile to live near Walter and Armina. He was perfectly happy, as he deserved to be, for he had learned to love his wife as ardently as he had once loved Armina.

For many bright, happy years Walter and Armina lived in their beautiful home, surrounded by friends and comforts. They were all the happier for the bitter trials and sufferings through which they had passed because of the father's sin.

(The end.)

Folly Needed Punishment.

Russell King of Senator Fairbanks' office staff has a very sweet little daughter, who, like many another little girl, possesses a great liking for jelly. The other day Mrs. King made a glassful of jelly and placed it in the pantry to cool. It proved a loadstone of attraction to the little one, who could not resist the temptation, when her mamma's back was turned, of putting her finger in it. She quickly withdrew it, as it was still very hot. Dancing with pain, she exclaimed:

"Mamma, if I do that again I'll spank my ownself, you bet I will!"

Almost a Blunder.

Clara—Did you lose your presence of mind when he attempted to kiss you?

Maud—Yes; for a moment. Why, I came near telling him to stop.

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The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. **PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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But words will not convince you half so quickly as trying it, so send your name and address to the institute this very day and let them send you the four bottles comprising the treatment, free of charge at their own expense. We consider this a most remarkable remedy, but whether it does your own case any good or not, you can't be out a single cent, so write the first chance you have and the full free treatment and book will be sent you at once.

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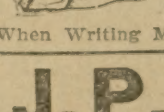

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Ever since its establishment this Institute has endeavored in every possible way to carry out the original purposes of its establishment under the beneficient laws of the State.

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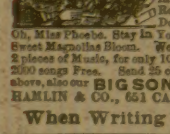

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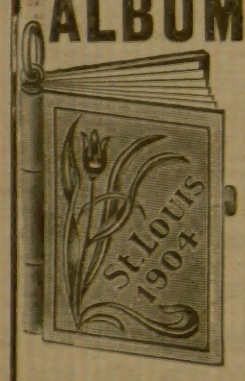

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Comrades.

A broom and dustpan, side by side,
Went on their way together;
Theirs was indeed a friendship tried
Through ev'ry sort of weather.

The broom raised dust where'er he went,
The dustpan followed meekly,
And gathered up with great content
The dust the broom made weekly.

The whiskbroom said: "You are too mild;
A dustpan's place is menial.
Why don't you show some spirit, child,
And seek work more congenial?"

The dustpan answered, "There's no shame
In filling well my station,
Though lowly be my honest name,
Work's no humiliation.

"To leave it after service tried
Would be from virtue falling;
So let me by my comrade's side
Pursue my humble calling."

Teddy's Spoon Face.

Did you ever make a spoon-face, children? If you don't know what I mean, look into the nearest tablespoon and see. When you hold the spoon upright, and look into it the long way, your face seems queerly long and strangely skinny, doesn't it? Now hold the spoon sideways, and look again. This time your mouth, eyes, cheeks, and ears are all oddly-wide.

When you make a spoon-face—just for fun, of course—you first make your face long, as it seems when you hold the spoon upright; then you change quickly and make it very wide.

This is a good trick to make babies and very little children laugh, and you may be glad to try it some time when mamma wants you to keep the baby quiet, or to help with the little children from next door.

Teddy Brownell had a funny time with a spoon-face experiment the other day. Teddy is 8 years old, and quite a big fellow. Riding home from downtown with his mother the day mentioned, he saw a baby some seats back, who wasn't feeling very happy. The baby was tired, you see, and it wanted to get home and be rested. So it cried and twisted and fretted, and its poor mother was not having at all a pleasant time.

Teddy made a spoon-face at the baby, and as soon as the baby saw the spoon-face it laughed and laughed and was cheerful; but as soon as Teddy stopped making the spoon-face it began to cry again. So Teddy—you see he's 8 years old and quite a big fellow, more than big enough to try to help others—went back to where the baby was and kept on making spoon-faces until it was time for the baby to leave the car. And presently Teddy wondered why all the grown people were laughing, and he didn't know for ever so long that it was because his face looked so funny, as he kept stretching and stretching it, first long and then wide.

But Teddy is a manly fellow, and he didn't mind who laughed so long as he was doing his duty, and it surely was his duty to help keep the baby from fretting and tiring its mother and annoying every one else in the car, was it not?

And when the baby's mother left the car she said "Thank you, little friend," very heartily to Teddy, and Teddy's mother gave him a loving kiss, right before people. And when papa heard about it he said Teddy was "All right!" and would soon be a man and that made him feel better than ever. You would have felt just the same in his place, now would you not?

E. M. C.

Easy Knowledge.

How nice 'twould be if knowledge grew
On bushes, as the berries do!
Then we could plant our spelling seed
And gather all the words we need.
The sums from off our slates we'd wipe,
And wait for figures to be ripe;
And go into the fields and pick
Whole bushels of arithmetic.
Or if we wished to learn Chinese,
We'd just go out and shake the trees.
And grammar, then, in all the towns,
Would grow with proper verbs and nouns;
And in the gardens there would be
Great bunches of geography;
And all the passers-by would stop
And marvel at the knowledge crop;
And I my pen would cease to push,
And pluck my verses from a bush!

—Youth's Companion.

Being Really Brave.

"Freddy Jimpson is a coward!" and Johnnie's eyes and lips were very scornful. "He's actually afraid to play with my dog!"

"Perhaps Freddy is brave in other ways," suggested Auntie May, quietly. "I know a boy who isn't afraid to play with dogs—even strange dogs that he'd better not play with—but who never dares go upstairs alone in the dark."

"That's different," said Johnnie, looking guilty.

"Nobody can be really brave who is afraid," and Auntie May, throwing her arm about her nephew and looking him straight in the eyes. "It isn't particularly brave to do things that seem easy; it's when one does the thing that seems hard that one is brave."

Johnnie made no answer, but he didn't call Freddy a coward that noontime, and that evening he proved that he could be really brave after all.

"I wish I had the scissors I left up in my room," said his mother, who was doing some mending, "but I'm really too tired to go up after them. I'm almost tired out tonight."

"I'll get them," said Auntie May, quickly, but Johnnie was on his feet first.

"No, no! I'll get them," he said, clearly.

"But it's dark upstairs," said his mother, astonished.

Johnnie made no answer, but he smiled at Auntie May, and Auntie May smiled back. She knew of what Johnnie was thinking. And when he came back with the scissors she told him that he had been really brave and courageous that time, and—well—she never said a word about hurrying or noticed that he was out of breath.

At Bedtime.

Sing him a song of a downy bed,
Of a pillow white as snow,
Of a tangled, tousled, curly head
A-nodding to and fro;
Of a voyage afar
To a twinkling star
Where the dream-folk are, you know,
All resting soft on wooly white clouds—
Make haste, he's ready to go!

Then sing him a song of the old sandman—
Such a funny old beggar he!
Who sprinkles the eyes with the silver sand
From the shores of the noddy sea.
Sing eyes that wink
And eyes that blink
Till they seem to shrink to wee;
The drooping lids and the drowsy eyes
Of the land where the dream-folk be.

Sing "Bylow-by," the lullaby
The zephyr breezes bear
From the drowsy dreamland of the sky
Whither the lad doth fare.
Sing soft and slow
Till sweet and low
'Twill melt and flow in air;
Then touch his brow with a feather-light kiss,
And tiptoe down the stair.

—Harper's Bazar.

Crabs Up a Tree.

In some of the South Sea Islands there is a land crab which is very fond of cocoanuts. To get a supply of the coveted dainty it has learned to climb trees. Of this habit the natives take every advantage when they want a crab for dinner. While the creature is aloft stealing a nut the native ties a rope of grass around the trunk of the tree as far from the ground as he can reach. When the crab is on its downward journey, it comes to this grass band in due course. Then, thinking it has touched solid earth, it lets go its grip and falls to the ground, thus becoming an easy prey to the wily native.

Told Out of School.

The infant terrible is always with us, and in making trouble runs a close race with the wagging tongue of scandal. Accompanied by her young hopeful, a woman was calling on a friend who happened to live in one of a row of houses of exactly the same appearance.

"The great objection to living in a row of houses," remarked the hostess, "is the liability of making a mistake. Do you ever have any difficulty, my dear?"

"Oh, no," replied the little fiend, breaking in unexpectedly. "Ma says she can always tell your house by the dirty windows."

Waited for the Signal.

The sun blazed down on a field of hot, tired horses and excited men, all waiting for a big, raw-boned animal to succumb to the urging of the starter and get into line.

"Bring up that horse!" shouted one of the officers at last. "You'll get into trouble if you don't!"

The youthful rider of the horse looked up at the face of the officer despairingly.

"I'm as tired as you are, sir, but I can't help it. He's a cab horse, sir, and he won't start till he hears the door shut, and I haven't got a door to shut, sir."

The Longest Day.

Teacher—You must remember, children, that December 21 is the shortest day we have. Do you remember the longest?

Freddie—Yes'm. It's July 3, when you're waiting for firecracker day.—Exchange.

Might Get It.

"Has the baby had the measles yet, Mr. Popps?"

"Sh-sh! Don't speak so loud. Whenever he hears anything mentioned that he hasn't got he cries for it."

The First Day.

Helen, on coming home from her first day at school, said the teacher called each one's name, and each one said "President."

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